

THE
CRVELL
BROTHER.
A Tragedy.

As it was presented, at the
private House, in the
Blacke-Fryers :

By His Maiesties Seruants.



LONDON,
Imprinted by *A. M* for *Iohn Waterfen*,
and are to bee solde at the signe of the
Crowne in *Pauls Church-yard*.
1630.

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TO
THE RIGHT
HONOVABLE THE
LORD WESTON, LORD
HIGH TREASVRER OF
ENGLAND.

MY LORD,



Should doe my
inclination wrong,
to call this, the first
Testimony of my
Zeale to your
Lordshippe: For I did neuer

A 3

thinke

THE EPISTLE

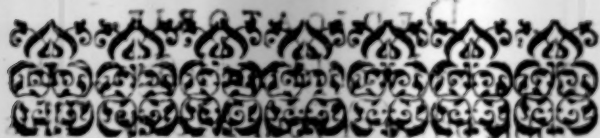
thinketh the wonder, or the prayse
that I haue written, iust; vntill I
found your Lordships Character
in both: and yet the age is
growne vnworthy to receiue
such truths; therefore, some were
purposely conceal'd; and this fit
esteeme of your Lordship, is
chiefly left to delight Posterity.
I could vrge the dignitie of *Dram-
matick-Poems*, but that were vain-
ly to direct, rather then wooe,
an acceptation. Those errors,
your Lordshippes leasure shall
vouchsafe to reade in this *Tra-
gedy*, are its originall Crimes,
hauiug receiu'd no examination
since the Birth, and being ad-
uised to correct it, by a suruay,
I sayd; I had study'd your Lord-
ship,

DEDICATORIE.

ship, and would not lessen, the
noble office of your Mercy. This
confidence (I hope) shall no-
thing preiudice

*Your Lordships humi-
ble Seruant.*

WILLIAM D'AVENANT.



on Hart (aged 1) ...
The Scene, *Italy.*

The Persons of this Tragedy.

The DUKE. *of Sienna.*
LUCIO. *A Count.*
FORESTE. *Creature to Lucio.*
CASTRUCHIO. *A satyricall-Courtier.*
COSIMO. *A Courtier, and Cousen to Castruchio.*
DORIDO. *A Gentleman, Companion with both.*
LOTHARIO. *A frantique young Gallant.*
BORACHIO. *A Rustick, Tennant, and Seruant to
Lothario.*
A MONKE. *A Sutor.*
A GENTLEMAN. *A Sutor.*
CORSA. *Sister to Foreste, Wife to Lucio.*
LVINNA. *Wife to Foreste.*
DVARTE. *Woman to Corsa.*
A BOY. *Who Sings.*
SERVANTS. &c.

THE



THE CRVELL BROTHER.

Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTEE and LVCIO.

FOREST. I must not be so rude as to beleue
That you (my Lord) can your affections set;
Vpon a Mayde, so humble in her birth
As she you name, for regard of honour
Doe not mock the sister of your seruant.

LVCIO. This way to madnesse leads, teach not my heart
Such modern Heraldry. Let it dispose
Of charitable thoughts, with naturall eies,
Vnlimitted by custumary forme,
Which guine, and nicetie haue made an Art,
Virtue, not blood enobles vs, and ernes
Her attribute, without hereditary helpe
From anceitours. O my deere *Foreste*?
Thy sister with such noble wealth is fraught,
That to be couetous for her, appeares,
A holy sinne. But thou art cruell growne
Thy memory is sick. The old effects
That witnesse how I loue thy learned soule,
Are quite forgot.

Ferf. Young Lord, disclaime that thought!

The Cruell Brother.

Heare I Promulgate, you my Patron are ;
You foun'd me in estate so poore, so lowe,
That you were faine to stoope to lift me vp,
You are the Dukes Creature ! who doates by Art,
Who in his loue, and kindnesse, Method keeps :
He holdeth thus his Armes, in fearefull care
Not to bruse you with his deere embracements,
And what is she whose Virgin blood disdaines
To quench your lawfull fire ? or whom the Duk
Would not procure to climbe your Marriage bed
Vpon her Knees ? And shall I then
(Like to the treacherous Moon :) strue to eclipse
The Sunne that giues me light ? Shall I consent
That she, that tumbled in a Wombe with me,
Shall giue your Issue birth ? The royall Duke
Would thank me for such charitie. My Lord
Though you are wise, you are but young.

Ancie. Heart of Viper !

Sure Time hath lost his feathers from his Heeles,
Marke how slow he goes ? Shall I neere be olde
That my designes may repute haue,
And credit in the World. I doe not aske
Thy Sister for my Whore ; but for my Wife.

Fores. Sir 'tis already ioyn'd vnto my Creede :
For I would eate your Heart, should it contriue
A way in thought, how to cheate my Sister
Of her pure Chastitie. I loue you so
That I with care suppose ; She not deserues
To be your Wife, and so esteeme of her
That she is much too good, to be your Whore.
In this new Argument, I am too bolde,
You know my duty well. The Dukes abroad
Though but the birth of day. Goe Sir !

*Enter Duke, Castruchio, Dorido, Cosimo,
Page : and Followers.*

Duke. My glorious Boy, you are too vigilant :
The Sunne, and you, doe visite me at once.
This courtship is not safe. You must not meete

Your

The Cruell Brother.

Your Louer, with a Riuall, glorious
As your selfe. *Foreste!* welcome from Genoa,
How fares our Brother Cardinall?

Foref. In health, and ease. He badde me tell your Grace
It was a deed of charitie to thinke
Him worthy of this same great imployment.
And this letter he humbly recommends
To your perusall.

Duke reads the Letter to himselfe.

Cass. How can it choose
But choke the very Soule, and bruse the Heart
To thinke that such a giddy Snipe: a Foole
(That meere lyues to disparage Nature)
Should creepe to this ambitious government.
Still he rules the Ruler. The *Duke* is Ward
Vnto a Page; whose Eie-browes weare more Beard,
Then doth his Chinne: And there's his Instrument,
A darke fellow; that with disguised Lookes
Could cheat an Hypocrite, older then Time.

David. I'ue heard a better Character of both,
Such, as to the young Count, Witt, and vallour giues:
Vnto *Foreste*, honest Spirits.

Cass. Report is then become a Bawde to Luck;
Whom Fortune do henrich, Fame doth flatter.

Duke. Sure this raine Priest will make vs all Cowards.
We must a truce confirme with Genoa.
Well, be it so. Where now (my noble Boy)
Shall I occasiⁿ finde, to testifie

That you deserue my loue, by vertue of your owne?
In sickely times, when Warre and ciuill Spleene
Besiege the Heart, with treacherous designs,
A friend shall find a cause to make him knowne,
But now in faire weather: I neede not aske
What Houell's nere?

Lucio. In this, I dare discretely Fate.
They are not so wealthy in affliction:
With sorrow so well stor'd; as could suffice
To trie my sufferance: in the behalfe
Of you my Prince, and still royall Master.

Duke.

The Cruell Brother.

Duke. Dar'st thou then die for me?
Heere — make thy selfe a sacrifice to Fame, *Profers him a*
Take it: and I will be thy Chronicler. *naked Ponyard.*

Lucio. It were (Sir) but ingratitude in me
To listen thus, the number sanctifide
Of your true friends. Be you pleas'd to sheath it,
In that same part, which you doe most abhorre.

Duke. O *Lucio!* thou art my Earewign now,
Creep't in my eare, to fast vpon my Braines.
When in my private graue I lye inclos'd,
More silent then my ruin'd Fame: no tongue
Shall pay his tribute to my memory
But thine: for thou art likely to suruiue.
Thy yeares are few, but full of gratitude. —
Come: hie we to the Parke: The sprightfull morne
Gives motion wings, and libertie to those
Whom lamenesse itakes vnto the ground.

Cast. Royall dotard, like tinder, thou dost waste
Thy forced fire: to giue another light
Whose sawcy flame will darken thine. Monstrous?

Dorid. Why dost thou spend thy gall in secret thus?
A pox vpon't: turne thoughts to action:
Heauen knowes, I had rather enrich my selfe,
Then enny others wealth. Imp'loy thy brayne.
Get the Dukes fist to this; and thou shak share
Five hundred Crownes.

Cast. What is't?

Dorid. The old businesse.

Cast. And not yet sign'd: This t'is to be modest.
Had I had reputation in thy Creede *Enter Foresse.*
It had beene done long since. There's my agent.
Hence and prouide me thanks. Saue you Signior.

Fores. You may with charitie.

Cast. Am I in your remembrance sir?

Fores. Signior *Castruchio* as I take you.

Cast. The same. Because I neuer did desire
To gaine by being troublesome, I loit

The Cruell Brother.

The deere benifit of the praſtique part.
Custom's a tutors ſafe encourager.
I the Duke haue ſeru'd, ſince I was able
To ſerue my ſelfe. Yet neuer had the luck
To get by it: and as the times promiſe,
Neuer ſhall: Vnleſſe I imitate the Crab,
And find my way (as he doth his) backwards.
That is, to make petition to the foote
That he will pleaſe t' inſtruct, and teach the head
When to comiserate my affaire.

Foref. Signior. I neede a comment to your words.

Caſt. If you will mooue my Lord (the Count)
To get the Dukes faire hand, ſubſcribed heere;
Then ſhall I feele my ſelfe well vnderſtood.

Foref. Sir my abillities are moſt pregnant
When I find I may be profitable
To any Courtiers iuſt, and modeſt ſute.
I pray what ſenſe carries the inſcription?

Caſt. Only this Sir. There is an Engine made
Which ſpends its ſtrength by force of nimble wheeles,
For they once ſcrewed vp, in their returne
Will rine on Oake: but with ſuch ſubtill force
That motion giues no leaſure to impediment,
The large and ponderous Logge is ſoone conſum'd,
To ſhawings more transparant then a Glaſſe.
Of theſe the ſkilfull Boxes make, Scabbards,
Sheathes, Cheaſts, and molds for childrens Cabinets.

Foref. Truſt me an Engine of importance great
But now, what would the Enginere himſelfe?

Caſt. Faith Signior, nought but a Monopoly
For all thoſe wares, his Engine makes.

Foref. Keepe it. Good ſir keepe it. A monopoly
Why ſir the common-wealth hath beene ſo cruſh'd,
With th' inſulting Charter of ſuch Patents,
That now the very word defiles the caule.
I had thought you Signior would haue ingag'd
My induſtry in ſuch a ſute as might

The Cruell Brother.

Noway dispardg though it did enrich;
Howeuer not abuse the publike weale.

Cast. Very good Sir. My Lord the Count, your selfe
(His senuile Instrumēt) and some others,
Ot this new faction that now, engrosse
All Offic:rs, and send your Scoutes abroad
Intelligencers strict, that bring you home
The number, and the rate of what your selues,
Or others in the darke can put to sale.
Nature hath not altered yet: the first
And antick method to preferue our breaths.
We must eate bread if we intend to liue;
Which how to get (vnlesse this humble way
That you deride) In troth I cannot tell.
It makes me mad to thinke you should expose
Vs Men of Heart, to those fastidious helpes
That scape your owne acceptance. Your wide Threats,
That soone will swallow any thing which fills
Although it nourish not. A pox vpon you all!

Forsf. I did expect you would begin to rayle.
Good troubled Soule! I knew you well before.
You are the only Man, whose wealthy Muse
Doth furnish all the Fidlers in the State
With desp'rate Ballads, and inuective Songs.
Libells of such weake fancy and composure
That we doe all esteeme it greater wrong
Thaue our Names extant in such paltrey Ryme
Then in the slanderous sence.

Cast. Very well Sir!

Forsf. You, you must be a Satyryst forsooth,
Calumniat: by instinct and inspiration.
As if iust Heauen would borrow Gall of you,
Where with to write our faults. (O strict account!)
Your Gall, which in the Pen so overflows,
That still it blots, where in inscribs.
You imitate the propertie of Doggs,
Who barke and snarle most at him they know not

The Cruell Brother.

For else among all these you scandalize
Why nam'd you me? (almost a stranger to your Eye)
My Ancestors that built no Monument
For their fames to dwell in; You also bring
Into the knowledge of the criticke World.
Why I could neuer see thee yet but drinke:
Which makes thy Verses reele and stagger so.

Cast. Come sir! We may exchange one thrust vnseene.
They draw fight close, For e flings down Cast & disarmes him.

Forest. A petty Curr! dare it bite as well as barke!
How now sir, your Mathematicall thrusts!
Then haue at ye -- Yeeld me thy Sword, or else thou dy'st.
I haue no ioy to set at liberty

A Soule so vnprepar'd. And as thou art
My Enemy, I take a full reuenge,
By suffering thy corrupted blood to dwell *Enter a*
And taint within thy vaines. We are discovered -- *Monke.*
Take thy sword Now get thee home and rayle vpon't,
Because it would fight no better.

Cast. Yet we may meete i'th' darke. You haue a throat
And there are Knives in Italy. *Exit Castnachio.*

Forest. A good day attend my ghostly Father!
Doth this your rariance heere discover ought,
You would with me?

Monke. Your leasure shall produce my vtterance.
O Sonne, your faine is of complexion cleere,
Such as ensnares the virtuous Eye, to loue
And adoration. Such as would procure
All the skilfull Angels furors to her,
And such as serues for my encouragement
For I no letters haue from Noble friends,
Which a requitall from themselves invite,
By Courtship bold, and troublesome to others,
Nor am I with that wicked mettall stor'd,
That rules the mighty, and betrays the minde
To toyle in a designe, which angers Heauen,
And makes the Deuill blush. But yet (deere Sonne)
I haue a suite to thee.

Forest.

The Cruell Brother.

Pres. Which I desire to know.

Monke. In the ancient Covent of *S. Austine*
There is a holy brother lately dead,
Whose place if you will but confirme on me
By the Dukes letter to the brother-hood,
Then shall I better leasure haue to pray
For you my Patron.

Pres. Alas my Father!
The times are more obseruant to your Tribe.
It is the method now that your deserts
Need not to vsher but succeed reward.
The Treatise (written lately) to confute,
The desperate sect in Mantua, calls it you
The Author?

Monke. It knowes no other.

Pres. There your preferment safely taketh roore,
Beleeue me (ghostly Father) I will choose
The fittest time to wake in your behalfe.

Monke. Heaven prosper your designes. *Exit Monke.*

Pres. What throngs of great impediments besiege
The vertuous minde? so thick in multitude,
They iostle one another as they come.
Hath Vice a charter got, that none must rise
But such, who of the Devils faction are?
The way to honour is not euer more
The way to Hell: a vertuous Man may climbe.
Let the fluttrerer sell his Lies, else where
It is vnthrifty merchandize to change
My gold for breath. Of all Anragonists
Most charitie I finde in enuious men.
For they doe sooner hurt themselves, then hurt
Or me, or him, that rays'd me vp.
An enuious man is made of thoughts.
To ruminate much doth melt the braine,
And make the heart grow leane. Such men as these:
That in opposing waste their proper strengths:
That sacrifice themselves in silly hope,

The Cruell Brother.

To butcher vs; saue Reuenge a labour,
And dye to make experiment of Wrath.
Let Fame discourse aloud vntill she want
An Antidote: I am not fear'd with noyse.
Heere I dismisse my feares. If I can swell
(Vnpoyson'd by those helpes, which Heauen forbids)
Fond loue of ease, shall neere my soule dhort:
Maugre all flattery, enuy, or report. *Exit Forrests.*

Sutors within.

O good your Grace heare vs, heare the complaints
Of vs poore Men: O heare vs! we are all
Vndone! Good your Honour heare vs.

Enter Duke and Lucio.

Duke. Death encounter 'em! *Lucio* shut the doore!
Tis the plague of greatnesse, the curse
Of pompe, that in our darkest priuacie, wee must
Euen publique be to euery Mans affaires.
How now! All these lawcy Troopes of brawling
Sutors, attend on you my glorious Boy.

Lucio It is their humble skill not to arrive
Before your Grace, but by an Aduocate
A Mediatour blest in your Eies.

Duke How apt am I to loue: yet now obserue
Vnkindnesse in my care, and bitternesse
In Phisicke. I study how to make thee lesse
That I may make thee more and more my owne.
Office and Dignity are Enemies
To health, and ease. Respect growes tedious
Obscurance troublesome, where tis most due.
He that giues his Soule no more in employment
Then what's her owne: may sleepe within a Drumme.
While busie Hearts, that loue to vndertake
Beyond their reach of yeeres: are faine to use
Drawse potions: yet watch the Winter night
With more distinction then the Parish Clocke.
Could'it thou resigne thy titles and thy cares
To make me yet more capable of still

Enjoying

The Cruell Brother.

Enjoying thee?

Lucio. My zeale vnto my selfe forbids my speech.
Since if I make reply to this, I but
Disparedge duty, and consume my breath.
Where fight is young, and cleere, there Spectacles
Are troublesome; and rather hide, then shew
The object. The most deuout obedience
Which I shall euer owe vnto your Grace
Becomes my heart, much better then my tongue.

Duke. But yet obserue (my *Lucio*)
Th'vnikind tricks of Nature: how we are fool'd
By a religious constancy in Loue.
A Princes hate doth ruine where it falls:
But his affection warmeth where it shines
Vntill it kindle fire to scorch himselfe.
If we are subiect to the sinne of Heaven,
(Too much charitie) extreamity of loue:
Let there be mercy shewen in punishment.
Why is the corrupted vse of Royall loue
Imputed to our charge, to our Audit layd?
We that with all those Organs furnish'd are
All those faculties naturall in Men:
Yet limited in vse of each: prescrib'd
Our conuersation, by a sawcy forme
Of State. How can we choose (by this restraint)
But struggle more for liberty? make choise
Of some one Eare; wherein to empty out our Soules,
When they are full of busie thoughts; of plots
Abortiue, crude, and thinne. This cheape, and base
For Maiestie not to be singular
In all effects. O then, if I must giue my heart
To the command of one: send him (sweete Heaven!)
A modest appetite: teach him to know
The stomacke sooner sarfeits with too much,
Then starues for lacke of that supply
Which conetous Ambition calleth want.
For when my Friend begs, my bounty then

Concludes

The Cruell Brother.

Concludes to make me poore before that he
Shall so vnthrifty be of breath to aske in vaine.
Distraction ! tamencesse ! O my *Lucio*,
How canst thou conster this. After I haue chid
I seeme to flatter thee.

Lucio. My gracious Lord! —

Duke. Peace —

I will no more imploy my memory
Thus to discourage thine. Where's *Foreste*?
Tis fit he know you are not vigilant
In his behalte. *Farelo de Sforza*
(My old Secretary) is newly dead:
The place is his. I shall expect no thanks
From you, nor yet from him:
My bounty is requited in her choice.

Lucio. Your Grace will bring vs both within the reach
Of publike enuy.

Duke. Thou now would'st certifie,
His birth obscure and base discourageth
Such earnest helpe to his so great promotion.
Not a iot: Know my Boy! 'tis the vulgar,
Not the Royall trade to patch vp things:
Or seeke to mend what was before of qualitie
Perfekt enough it selfe. To make a Man
Of nothing: why this same creation
Enclines a little neere Diuinitie.
Neere the old performance; which from *Chaos*
Drew this multitude of subtill formes.

Lucio. Since you (the royall maker) doe commend
The mettall, and your workmanship; it shewes
There's little skill in those which enuy him.
Foreste is your Creature. Many times
I doe acquaint him what the generall voyce
Doth vrge in his disgrace. He laughs it out
And sweares he would not loose that priuiledge
Which Nature gaue him by her kinde mistake
In his natiuitie, for the Seas worth.

The Cruell Brother.

As if from's Issue, he could ne're deserue.
 A Monument, vnto himselfe doe hewe
 The stones whereof t'is built: vnto he raise
 His Monument, on a Wart; his dignitie
 On pouertie obscure an' base.

Duke. We doe off & his thoughts Such industry
 Proclaimes him fit for high designs: Some Men
 Attend the talking Drumme, and riddle out
 Their liues on Earth; with Madnesse Sophistry:
 Calling their losse, their gaine, danger, delight.
 Some men conuerse with Bookes, and melt the braine
 In full study how to vindicate
 The liberal Arts. Those loose formalitie,
 Then grow Methodicall; and dyeth darke.
 Some practise rules of State, and suffer much
 For Honors sake: nay tread vpon themselves
 At first; to reach the higher. Some pursue
 The Plough; and in their wholesome sweat doe swimme.
 And some that turnish'd are with nimbler soules,
 Employ their times in wanton exercise;
 Masques and Reuels: the complements of Loue,
 And Loue I finde the easiest vanity.

Lucio. O gentle *Corfa!* make it so with me,
 Faine would I (if I durst) reueale to him *a noyse*
 The heate of my affection, and wheret'is fix'd. *Within.*

Duke. Hearke: sure the gallery doore is left vnlockt,
 Are we debar'd all place of priuacie?
 Nature in vs hath lost her vulgar right.
 A loude, bawling sutor, doth not waken
 Charitie, but deafen her.

A shame vpon 'em all! *In Lucio. Exit Duke & Lucio.*

Enter Sisters at the other doore.

1. Heauen bleesse his Grace!
2. Amen: and my Lord the Count's good Honor.
3. Friend, went the Duke this way?
2. Heere. This way.
3. Pray shew me him: they call *Signior Lucio*

The

The Cruell Brother.

2. The Count. Come, I'll shew you him.

1. Follow, follow, follow.

Exeunt.

Enter Dorido and Cosimo.

Dor. Dost heere? *Cosimo.*

Cos. What sayst thou?

Dor. I prethee stay, why slip but heere aside

And thou shalt see the most resplendent Fopp,

That euer did discredit Nature. Signior

Lothario; a Countrey Gentleman

But now the Court Baboone: who perswades himselfe,

(Out of a new kinde of madnesse) to be *enter Lothario,*

The Dukes favorite. He comes. Th'other is *Borachio.*

A bundle of Prouerbs: whom he seduc'd

From the Plough; to serue him for Preferment.

Loth. *Borachio.*

Bor. My Lord?

Loth. Suruay my garments round, and then declare

If I haue hit it?

Bor. You haue sir: but not the mark.

Loth. What marke? thou bold Parishioner of Hell.

Bor. Why Sir, the marke I aime at? Preferment.

After a storme, comes a calme: the harder

You blow, the sooner your Cheekes will ake: and he

That cares for your anger, may haue more of't

When he list, for my part, I know my Mother.

Loth. The froward Sisters haue conspir'd. Slave! Dog!

Wilt thou neuer leaue this immense folly?

Can nothing serue the se dull Lippes but Prouerbs?

Bor. Sir, I know none of your Prouerbs. First come,

First seru'd. These words that are neere the tongue,

Haue opportunitie soonest to leaue

The mouth.

Loth. Is it then decreed, I must grow mad?

Bor. I'll be no more flowted, nor brus'd, nor I

What need my Lord, be beholding to me

For's mirth; when he may laugh at's owne folly?

The Cruell Brother.

Besides though motion and exercise
Be good for grosse bodies ; therefore, must they
Of the Guard, pitch me vp and downe like a barre ?

Loth. Sa, sa, sa, A mutinie in Heauen!

Ber. If there be; You are not likely to come
Thither to appease it, first end this quarrell
Vpon earth, I haue seru'd you this fixe Moneths,
In hope of an Office ; and am no more
An Officer then she that bore me.

Loth. Alas poore foole !

I pittie thee. Thou wilt beleue nothing
But that which may be seene or vnderstood.
I say thou art an Officer. Or if thou art not
Thou shalt be ; which is better : for that same
Which we now enioy is in some danger
To be lost : but that which we neuer had
Cannot be lost before we haue it.

Bora. O rare conclusion :

(Count

Loth. Besides. Looke heere and then reioyce, Is the
(Whom they call my Riuall ieh^dDukes fauour)
Is he (I say) accoutred like to me ?
Why his sleeues sit like stockins on his Armes.
His Breeches are like two Clokebags, halfe sowde
Together in the Twist : and his other
Garments shew like Playsters on him. Follow.
And make thy fortune fat.

Bora. Well. He that still expects, but tires his hope,
What One cannot, another can : t'is so
With dayes and houres too. And for my part *Exeunt*
Let the Glasle runne out. *Loth. Ber.*

Dorid. His Man's as full of Prouerbs
As a Constable : he coyns 'em himselfe.

Cass. And such another Heade-peece fill'd with Whay
As is the Master heere, the Sunne nere saw.

Dorid. He walkes like a Zealand-storke.

Cass. But sure the Duke
Enables error in their fancy, by some

Behaviour

The Cruell Brother.

Behaviour equialent to what
The Master, and the Man expect: for else
Folly cannot be so sickely-Eied; but time
Will giue it strength to know it selfe.

David. Why sir; this dignifies the least. They scarce
Ere saw the Duke: and are lesse knowne
Vnto the world. His Grace well apprehends,
These voluntary mistakes of Nature,
In preservation of their intellectualls,
Are fitter subiects for accidentall mirth,
Then a Cornicall continuance. It is
A leuitie too humble in a Prince
To heede such trifles.

Cos. Nay — Prethee lead the way!

Exitunt ambo.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE and LVINNA.

FORES. I cannot tell, why thou (my Girl) should'st
In my advancement thus. Honour, and place (ioy
Bring fullen thoughts with them: businesse of such
A ragged qualitie, as takes away
The amorous garbe: those soft wanton touches,
Wherewith the youthfull flatterer betrays
The weaker side to action: whose effects
More weakenesse brings. I shall no leasure haue
To comfort thee with smiles: when t'is assign'd
That I must venture for a Boy: t'will be
In haste. My businesse will not suffer me
To stay, and make a prologue to the acte,
To kisse, or fimper inuitation.

Luin. It is not fit I apprehend you now.
But I wish that you would know; My duty
Is so well preferu'd from all corruption:

Which

The Cruell Brother.

Which either youth: or fowle example might inuade?
Produce: that it in plores for sufferance,
To certifie the world how strong it is.

Forst. I was assur'd before. This is the time,
In which I shall oblige posteritie
Or fall (my wench) by flattering error.
Hast thou to my sister counsaile giuen?
Instructions safe! whereby her actions
May warrant her promotion well deseru'd.

Lucio. It was my tongues last employment.

Forst. I would haue her weare her growing fortunes,
In a handsome fashion: Doe but obserue
The vnpollish'd garbe of Citty dames: of those
Whom fathers purse-strings hoyle up to honor.
How they doe sucke their Chinnes into their Neckes.
Simper with vnskilfull leuetie: and trip
On their wanton Toes like Kibe-heel'd-Fayries.
The Devils damme shewes like a vestall Nunne
To them: more powerfull in hamilitie.

Instruct my Sister, gentle wife, ——— *Enter Lucio.*

Lucio. I shall be earnest to my utmost skill.

Forst. My Lord is come, where's my Sister.

Lucio. With the Florentine: who instructeth her in

Lucio. Signior Forste, (anucke. *Exit.*)

You see my loue is rude, and bolde: Lame
The usher to my owne entrance.

Forst. My good Lord, The prouerbe will perswade you:
To be bold, with what's your owne.
Your title's strong, both to the house, and me.

Lucio. I am in debt for both. wilt thou not chide
To see my heart as lame this libertie:
Vpon my Tongue before thy high knowlesse
Thy sisters heart:

The Duke consent, as yet vnasked too: haiked?

Forst. Cease that noyse, tis troublesome: *Reyse Musick.*

Lucio. How *Forst*? Hast thou eares? and wilt thou
Heare such hopefull harmony, thus? *Unmusick. How olde*

Thy

The Cruell Brother.

Thy thrift vnnatural, wilt thou forbid
Thy friend to share in what is good, sweet tongue
And hand, persist in what your kindnesse profferd.

Forest. Obey him, if the musick not deserue
Your strict attention: You must blame your selfe. *Song.*

Lucio. Shew me the way *Foreste*:

Forest. Whither sir?

Lucio. My heart is stolne out of my care; let me
But know the thiefe, and Ile forgieue the robbery.
Speake; who ist that, with a voyce so amorous
And shrill, confounds the others hollow organ?
Still so reserud, and vnto me.

Enter Corysa.

Forest. Why then looke there, the voyce was hers, goe sir
And take what else you would enforce from my possession.

Lucio. Is this that child of *Orpheus*? how? kneele to me?

Forest. Stay Sir — If she consent but to abuse
The propertie of motion in such kinde
As may exalt her person but on such
About this height: I am her enemy
For euermore. Consider what you doe.
She brings no portion but humilitie,
If her first payment faile: who dares assure
The future debt? Pray looke into her lappe:
You'll finde she comes not from the East enrich'd
With Diamonds, bright wealth: whose wanton worth
Vnskilfull fancy prizes not from vse
But from the idolatrous doting of the eie.
Her chaste obedience is all her dowrie.
O bitter speech! it cuts my very soule
To thinke that fortune should create vs two
Meere patterns of your charitie.

Lucio. Dare you authorize this Idolatry?
Then Ile kneele too.

Foreste. And I,
Will ioyne to make th'offence seeme virtuous.
Now enterchange your soules. Where passion is
So fond, it cannot well be counterfeit.

The Cruell Brother.

Each vnbusied Angel, heare me speake ?
O send, send downe vnto this youthfull paire
Celestiall heare. Such serious loue as makes
A businesse of delight ; Instruct her soule
To practise duty in the humble straine.
And furnish him with an acceptance prompt.
Make her fruitfull as the Vine ; which growes
Crooked with the weight of its owne encrease.
So blessed in their Issue, that when time
Shall thinke them fit to taste the priuiledge
Of Death : they shall not need a Monument
Yet dwell as chiefe i'th' memory of Fame.

Corfa. Amen, Amen.

Lucia. Such is my prayer too. O *Foreste!*
Excessiue ioy disturbs my vtterance.
My words are parted on my tongue. O speake?
Thou know'st my heart : Tell her, there may lie hope,
I shall deserue those Teares that shew like dew
Vpon the Morning cheek. Intreat her, that
My yeeres may not disgrace my loue. Though I
Am young, I cannot counterfeit,
I euer speake my thoughts. I am o'recome.

Corfa. Alas sir, so am I, There needs no Art,
To helpe belicfe, where no suspicion is.

Foref. Now ; I'll leaue you to your selues. *Exit Foref.*

Corfa. I'ue much to promise in my owne behalfe ;
Of my future loue, and humble duty
To you my deereft Lord. Time layes his hand
On Pyramides of Brasse, and ruines quite
What all the fond Artificers did thinke
Immortall workmanship. He sends his wormes
To Bookes, to old Records : and they deuoure
Th inscription. He loues Ingratitude,
For he destro: d the memory of Man :
But I shall nere forget on what strange termes
You take me to your bed.

Lucia. Excellent wretch ! I am vndone with ioy

I will:

The Cruell Brother.

I will not blame the Coward to feare death,
Since the world containes such ioy as this.
Why doe you weepe Lady? can you suppose
~~Ferdinando~~ would consent to what is done,
Vnlesse he knew there were no danger in't?
Sure his Mother was a Sibyll; he sees
With a prophetique aime; the end of his
Designes; before they come to action.
He is too wise to erre. Why weepe you then?

Corfa. It is a folly in my Eies.

I know not why they weepe: vnlesse they weepe
Because they now haue lost their libertie;
Heere tofore each man, which chance presented,
Was to them a lawfull obiect: but now,
They are to looke on none but you.

Lucio. Marke then the bondage I impose on mine,
My poore eies haue no obiect, but your face:
Of which I will depriue them thus — *Covers her face*
Shroude thee in thy vestall ornaments. *With her white*
Creape, creape, my glorious Sunne, behind a cloud. *Fade,*
For els my eies, will see thee with delight.
I neuer felt true ioy till now. Me thinks
A briske alacritie, a nimble fire,
Conuayes me strangely from my flesh.
Not the Cannons, Iron-entraile, when wrapp'd
Within a swarthy case of troubled Aire,
Could quall me in emphasis of Motion.

Corfa. Though Modesty would suffer me to boast,
Yet t'were not in the power of breath, to make
My ioy so knowne, as it is felt.

Lucio. Come then (my deare *Corfa*) the Priest attends
Within; the world wants Men; and Hymen is
A nimble God. When all is past prevention
The Duke shall know my choice. *Exit.*

Enter Dorido: and Cosimo:

Dorid. This disgrace, makes thy Cousen boyle his heart
In his owne blood.

The Cruell Brother.

Cof. He hath writ a most pestilent Libell
Which must be sung all about the city,
By one he calls his Daw; A tall, bigg, fellow.

Dor. I know him. He sings like *Phalaris Bull*.

Cof. I supposed at first, he would have sent him
A Challenge.

Dor. But that's contingent now: *Foreste*
Being made Secretary of State.

Cof. I have heard o'th' new edict, which institutes
A mislerious toy, t' th' Habband, for those
Of the faction.

Dor. Why about two dayes since: one of the sect
Sent me a Challenge. Because my sister
Drunke his Lords health, with her Quotse on. Eachhoure
These giddy Participles doe imbrague
Themselues for Duels. The one is a kinne
To my honorable Lady. Th' other
To my very good Lord.

Enter Castruchio.

Cof. There comes my Cousen, chawing his leane heart.

Dor. Good morrow to the Court Satyrist.

Cast. The world is altered *Dorido, Foreste*
Is stepp'd beyon'd my reach: we cannot meete
In Duell: The Heralds stand betweene
But my fine Thrush, can sing you a new Lybell.

Dor. We shall haue your Thrush, in a Cage shortly.
Remember, who you deale with ill.

Cast. Hang him, dull, open slaue, His thoughts may be
Discern'd, through the shauing of a deale board.
He life and winnow him, in an old hat.

Dor. Pretence (sweete *Castruchio*) leaue thy barkeing.
'Twill be treason shortly for any man,
To carry eares, within three miles of thy Tongue.

Cast. Why *Signior*, what Faction are you of:

Dor. Not of your faction (Sir) if none returne
Vnto the prison for your libelling.
You remember your Vices-strip'd, and whip'd.
Your trimme Eclogues, the false ne Satyr too,

Written

The Cruell Brother.

Written to his Grace. Wherein you flatter,
Whine, and damne your selfe to get a pardon
For what seemes there a resolute offence.
Satyrs, are more vsfull, now then euer.
Nor grieues it me to see the humour vs'd,
But thus abus'd. To see a Bard still reach
At hol^l Bayes. Falsion o'me! I'll tell thee.
Thy Rimes include not so much Braines, as would
Suffice to fill a Cherry-stone.

Cast. Yo'd faine make me angry.

Dor. I, with thy selfe.

Cof. And then thou spend'st thy Gall, with more iustice,
Then when, thou rayl'st against *Foreffe*.

Cast. Cry you mercy (precious Cox) Hath *Foreffe*,
So great a share in your tongue too? Sympathy
Is corrupted. Behold society
Amongst the wicked: whilst a verduous man,
Is left alone to resist his bad fare.
Let him chide the fullsome Age, raile against
The Times, a'oude; though in a Vault: or'tweene
Two Hills. He shall find no zealous ecchoe,
To secon^d his bold Language. When I dye,
I dye a Martyr to the Common-weale.

Enter Lothario and Borachio.

Loth. Dull Caytife, leaue these abortiue Prouects,
And talke in the newest fashon. I'll haue
My very Dogge barke i'th' Courtly garbe.

Dor. Steppe aside. They are as mad as thy Cousen.

Loth. The excrements and meere defects of nature,
shall be reduc'd to Ornaments in me.

I'll feed vpon the tongues of Nightingales,
For so each faine I let, will be a Song —

Cast. For the Peripateticks being Butchers
Heere in Sienna: —

Loth. Pallas hewne in an intire Carbuncle.
Encircled with a Mote that flowes with Lhasis —

The Cruell Brother.

Cass. Deriv'd their Angury from the warme Entrailles
Of a Calfe.

Bora. Sir, These are some of those, that laugh'd at yee
In the presence.

Loth. At me? thou lyest. They laugh'd at thee.

Bora. Why then the Devill, will ne're giue a Man
Leasure, to belecue a trueth.

Cass. Seignior *Lothario*, the great Minion
To our Duke: I greet your health, with all ioy.

Cass. And I with all humility.

Dorid. And I with all celerity.

Loth. Hearke! thou dull Sinner. Is this reall? ha!?

Bora. Sir, let him, that hath a heart of his owne
Thinke what he list.

Loth. Doe they adore, or floute me now?

Bora. All is wite-craft. know wh'n the Moone winks
There's something in't, besid's an eclips.

Loth. Miscreant: What suspicious follys
Dost thou creat within thy Wo'lden-skull?
And with what Heathen-phraze vtter'd? Know Dogg,
If I employ my wrath—

Bora. Allas sir I've more faults then misbeliefe,
Therefore giue me your blessing, and let me
Goe home in peace. T'is true, wh'n the skie falls
We shall haue Lirkes. But let weaker stomachs,
Expect such curious meate. I can eate
Oates, and Garlick, vnder my owne Roofe.

Dorid. How? will *Borachio* leaue the Court?

Cass. What accident or dire portent is fallne?

Loth. Gentleman applaude my patience: Because,
He cannot furnish me with wholesome Sutes,
He doubts my power to get 'em granted.

Cass. Why we, will furnish him with Sutes.

Bora. But wont yee floute, and play the knaue with one?

Cass. How (Knaue!) was that the word?

Bora. Interpret the word, as your selfe shall please,
I scorn to be your Dictionary.

The Cruell Brother.

Marry come vp: Are your eares so tender?
I hope I'm a Man, although a sinner.

Cast. Vse no choller Amorous childe. But if
Thou wantest sutes, thy Lord being nere the Duke,
May furnish thee with —

Cof. Or me thinks thou would'st become a knighthood
Get him to begg it for thee.

Bera. No, no. Hot words make but warme aire, A figg
For a Knight-errant; that hath a stile, and nere a hedge.

Dorid. Then get a Patent to suruay Brinc-pits.
Or else for casting Ordinance in Lome.

Cast. Or else learch Saint *Peters* patrimony,
Lay Prebendrys are good, and Symony
Is an old Paradox.

Bera. Holde, holde
Enough sufficeth all women but whores.
He that expects the Morning lengthens the Night
Therefore straitway let my Lord get the Duke
To signe these Patents: which done
I'll returne to the wife of my bowels,
And dye for ioy.

Cast. Why this, is fit, and requisite.

Cof. If Signior *Lothario* doe consent.

Loth. It is decreed.

Bera. Who would hasten Time, when we may be old
Too soone. Let me take downe a Cushion, and pray.
For I shall haue more dignitie then wil suffice
To damne a Monke.

Cast. Who could perish in a better cause?

Bera. Why, can I helpe it? If a man be borne
To Offices. Or as my Master sayd,
Predestinate in the wombe of greatnesse.
Tis not our faults. Each man obayes his Starre,
In spite of his Teeth.

Dor. All this is Alcaron

Bera. One thing grieues me. I'ue a badd memory
Already, and now t'will be made worse.

Cast.

The Cruell Brother.

Cas. How can preferment hurt thy memory ?

Bora. O Sir ! preferment makes a man forget
His deereſt friends ; nay his kindred too. (Aire.

Cof. Looke, Thy Maſter's building more Caſtles, in the

Cas. He has intelligence from Spaine, and fortifies,
To no purpoſe againſt the next Spring.

Loth. All offices ſhall be ſold i'th' darke —

Bora. How ! Grow not old in anothers garment,
Sell what's your owne, Some of thoſe offices
Are mine by promiſe.

Loth. Still, croſſe to my deſignes. He ſtretch your Sinews.

Dor. Hold ! Signior *Lothario*, hold ! Mercy
Becomes the powerfull,

Bora. Let the Deuill take the Knighthood, and make
His Damme a Lady. I'll not be his Aſſe, *Exit Bor. Loth.*
That ſeru'd for blowes, and Prouander. *running after him.*

Dor. Lets relieue *Borachio*, or all our Comick Scenes
Are at an end. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Chaire out.

Enter Duke and Foreſte.

Duke. *Foreſte.*

Foreſ. My gracious Lord.

Duke. Are yet our Letters to his Holineſſe
Diſpatch'd ?

Foreſ. They are ſo pleaſe your Grace.

Duke. Did the French Embaſſador make ſome ſhow
Of diſcontent at his departure hence ?

Foreſ. Both in his words and looks : for when he heard
Th' Engliſh-Leiger had oppos'd his Treaty
Concerning traffique with the Florentine,
His anger ſtraight diſmiſſed the Argument,
And ſeiz'd vpon the Nation, nay rayl'd
Againſt the Leiger too, whoſe oppoſition,
Might be chidden as too nice a Virtue,
But could not be accuſed as a vice,

The Cruell Brother.

*T*is knowne indeed the French doe take a pride,
In the emphasie of sudden anger,
As if alacritie in ill did make,
The fault looke handsomely, and dulnesse adde
Deformitie to sinne.

Duke. Tis faithfully obseru'd.

Forst. Swell'd with vncharitable pride: such as
Admits no stile of Neighbour; as if growne
About the vse of friendshippe. They seeme to call
Those mighty Ilanders neere st their soyle,
Poore borderers to their Continent. Such,
Whose thinne numbers, haue in bloody battaile,
Made their multitudes their impediments,
Worne their Ensignes, instead of gaudy Skarfes.

Duke. The chance of war,
Admitteth many times of Miracles,
Euen such, as doe discredit History,
High-providence confers the conquest there,
Where probability confers the losse.
And this is done, that we may attribute
The prayse to him that gaue the victory,
Not to them that got it. Obserue besides,
That when the weake doe overcome: the strong,
Doe leaue that staine, for their Posteritie
To wipe away: which is already done;
The French, haue fiery nimble spirits.

Forst. Your Grace deales iustly in your praise. They
Spirits: but they all are vlesse made, (haue
By forward and affeate violence.
He that spends his fury, and his strength
I'th first charge, must not hope to make's retreat,
So nobly, as the modest Combatant,
Whose onfet slowly mooues: as carefull not
T'outride his skill. Their vallour is t'attemp't,
Not to performe. T'is a giddy Nation;
And neuer serious but in trifles.

Duke. Thou dost mistake in naturall effects,

E

Where

The Cruell Brother.

Where Fancy is for rich, the incident
To some mis-expectance. To some other roo
Divulge the wealth o' th' Braine. But that is ripe
Is prone to fall, or to corrupt it selfe.
According to the age of Monarchies:
They now are fully ripe: they reach
The height, an' top of mortall faculties.
Nature is the ndoth stand vpon the verge
Of her owne yut'ty. The English want
Three hundred yeres of that perfection.
And as the Moore ner'e changes but i'th' full
Euen so the mighty Nations of the Earth,
Change in their g'atest glory. First their strict
And rugged discipline, to vaine delights.
Their solemne Marches next to wanton ligs.
Their Battailles fierce to Duells spleenatiue, *enter Lucio.*
Or witty quarrels of the Penne. *kneeles.*

Luc. Heere may my kneestake root: whilst I doe grow
A liuing Statue of true obedience,
Or let my royall Master grant his pardon.

Duke. Sure we may trust, the iudgement of our eies,
Thou dost not looke as if thou coul'st commit
A sinne so horrid, so vgly as can fright
Our mercy from vs. Rise, we pardon thee.
Now let vs know thy crime,

Lucio. It is no crime
Vnlesse against that great prerogatiue
Youre care hath ouerrune. Perhaps my Heart,
Hath made escape through these fonde Eies. And I
(i'th' rash discretion of my youthfull blood)
Confin'd my selfe in Matrimoniall bonds.

Duke. Hah! married? speake suddenly, to whom?

Forst. To my Sister. Sir pardon the permission, *Forst.*
Or frowne, and leaue your creature more obscure *kneeles.*
Then when you own'd him first. Now is the time
To shew your charity Diuine. Preserue
What you haue made.

Duke.

The Cruell Brother.

Duke. Forſe this is ill.

What confederate with vngouern'd youth?
But ſiſte, we pardon you. Where's the Lady? *Enter Corſa.*
Rare beauty! —

You haue our pardon, and our fauour too.
I thus inuite more knowledge of your worth.
Beloeue me Lady: you haue a feature
That would betray a more experienc'd Eye
Then *Lucio's* is. Excellent wretch! with a
Timorous modetty, ſhe ſtiſleth vp
Her vterance. O ſuch a pregnant Eye!
And yet ſlow of ſpeech; is a wonder
More delightfull, then any Nature makes.
Haſt thou *Lucio*, ſo much vnhappy witt,
As to be ſealous yet? wilt thou ſuppoſe
Thy ſelfe ſecure in our diſcouſe?

Lucio. Heauen forbid, your Grace ſhould er'e imploie
Your time to ill as to diſcouſe with her
Till ſhe grew jealous.

Duke. Come hither Lady, come, confeſſe, how chance
You haue bewitch'd my Boy with ſubtil ſmiles,
With wanton hauour of theſe pretty Eyes?
Doth Heauen beſtow ſuch Noble ornaments,
To be abuſ'd in the uſe: and now
He is your Priſoner too, in cheerefull bonds,
How can you haue the heart to make ſuch ſpoile,
And hauock of his beauty? hah! ſpake Lady!

Corſa. I hope your Grace hath thoughts more mercifull.
I know this match was made in Heauen; and not
Promok'd by any ſinfull art in me.
How I haue lov'd him in this little time
That he hath bin my Lord: let him declare.
My duty is ſo ſtrict, I need not bluſh
To heare the ſtory told.

Duke. No! looke, looke there. His Eyes for very ſhame
Their luſter's loſt are crept into his head:
Encircled with the weakely cullor blew.

The Cruell Brother.

The Roses in his Cheekes are withered quite
His cleere and briske aspect is muddy now
And dull: His voyce (that was so shrill; and could
Euen Trumpet-like, outscold the Ecchoe)
Is hollow growne, and horce. Haue you then vs'd him well?

Corfa. Alas (most gracious sir) goe not about
To make my Lord suspect my Loyalty.
If Nature sicke in his faculties;
Which (heauen be thanked) I perceiued not yet,
It cannot prooue a guiltinesse in me.

Duke. Beleeu't (young wife) I am no Profelyte.
I still auerr, you are that greedy Nymph,
That hath deuour'd the rich complexion of my Boy.
See how his feature's shrunke? his beauty stain'd?
The Scythian Dame (whose cruelty is such,
Whose lust so prodigall, that she doth strue
To kill the able Lecher in the act;
Making her wombe his Sepulchre) would yet
Haue spard that wanton handfomenesse; to shew
As patterne of her Lenitie.

Corfa. I hope, your Grace will pardon Ignorance,
That so ill manner'd is, as not to know
Your meaning.

Duke. No matter Lady.
My accusation shall withdraw it selfe.
Pretty innocence! *Luce*, prepare.
Tis our will to make thy Wife a Courtier;
She shall be high in fauour; if she'll leaue
Her modesty; that's out of fashion now;
In Neighbor Courts, the Ladys so preuaile
With masculine behaviour: they grow
In factions able to depose their Husbands
From the charter of their Sex.

Fores. Tis strange that his dislike is fled so soone.

Duke. Your Marriage we wil solemnize with masques,
And Reuels. If Inuention neuer meane,
To get reward for subtiltie; tis now.

The Cruell Brother.

We take notice (*Lucio*) She is thy wife,
And thy sister our *Foreste*.

Foref. *Lucio*. We your Graces humblest Creatures.

Foref. Affection is become a Parasite;
Strives to please, whom it cannot benisfit.

Exeunt omnes.

Aclvs Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter, DORIDO, COSIMO, CASTRYCHIO.

D*ORIDO*, Knowne, by whom 'by Citty witts'
Cof. Or my Ladys workemen.

Dor. Who ne're saw verse, but what their Sutors writ,
Which they read like Prote too.

Cast. I'll not discredit my patience, talke on.

Dor. They say you are particular with a
Great Lady.

Cof. Yes, and her Pensioner.

Dor. Some loose thing (belike) yet will be at charge,
To secure her fame from noyse. For thou prayst
Against all lechery but thine owne.

Cof. And she hath wish'd in witty-penitence,
Thou had'st beene single in the world.

Dor. I, for then she had liu'd chaste. He growes angry;
His eyes looke red.

Cast. No Sir. They blush to see a Foole.

Dor. Twere fit they would imploy their modesty
At home. For thou art a foole in print.

Cof. Yet had he liu'd, when the old Sybill,
Presented her diuine Manuscripts, to
The dull Romane; he would haue scolded with her,
Vnlesse his Pamphlets had attain'd the first
Acceptance.

The Cruell Brother.

Dom. True, for every Poet thinks himselfe
The best Poet in the world.

Cos. And that Satyr not the worst; wherein
He chides Women, for wearing their Halfe-Ruffes,
Which pinn'd bebind trans-figures the face,
Or makes 'em looke, like *Ianus* with two faces.

Dorid. A iust exception: for going hastily
To kisse his whore; he could not find her Mouth.

Cos. Why sure her breath was strong enough
To direct him to it.

Cos. Yet I haue heard nothing, but what deserves
More pittie, then anger.

Dorid. Now when he hath provided some high toy
For th. Presse; he thinks on dedication,
Strait chooseth one of the faction; who must
Not Patronize, but buy what he makes vendable,
With praise in the Epistle.

Cos. Can you deny this Cousen Satyrist?

Dorid. And nothing makes Learning so cheape; but that
Every writer sells his works.

Exit Castruccio.

Cos. Nay let's follow; and worry him to peeces. *they after him.*

Enter Lucio, and Forsete.

Lucio. *Forsete.* Our ruine is contriu'd above.
If our Master p.oue vnkin'd, the Planets
Gouerne ill: For our gratitude, and care,
Deserues more constancy.

Forsete. Lookes he so strangely on yce?

Lucio. As if the object were but new to him.
And his owne heart vnsettled in his breast.

Forsete. Is his violence so soone tir'd? suruay
The Register of your owne deeds. Speake Sir,
Hine you so engros'd his eares, as if their
Organ, were yours, not his. Confin'd 'em to
Your owne tongue: and so d. priu'd the sorrowfull,
The griu'd in heart, of an easie audience?

Lucio.

The Cruell Brother.

Lucio. Neuer.

Forest. Since you haue shar'd the Dukes prerogatiue,
And by his loue, held opposition,
At such great aduantage: did you e'rs flight
With cheape regard, those of high, and Noble birth?

Lucio. My soule abhorrs such tyranny.

Forest. Haue those who weare th'Eternalls Livery
Bought their wages of ye? Or haue they found
Bold, and ski full flattery, more helps
Adua cement; then deepe and modest Learning?

Lucio. Neuer, since my distinction was of power,
To helpe its choyce.

Forest. In nice triall, or euidence of Law,
Hath Custome (which only giues vs hope
Of certainty in iustice) bin traduc'd
By your obscure helpe?

Lucio. Neuer.

Forest. Hath the desolate Wid'ow fear'd mercy
From your eies, with her old ruin'd beauty,
(For griefe was neuer amorous) or hath
The torne Begger too soone dismissed your charitie
Because not giddy enough to delight
Wantonesse.

Lucio. Neuer.

Forest. Then if our great Master withdraw his loue;
The weight of sufferance cannot bruiſe ye;
For the whole world will share i'th' burden.

Enter a young Gentleman With a Letter.

Lucio. From whom is this sir?

Gent. From my Lord Marquise de Loresta.

Lucio. I humbly kisse his hand.

Gent. Now luck flatter me but once, and I am made —
Tis short, pray heauen it be sweete, or I'le nere loue
The Proverb.

Lucio. Sir, haue you euer bin in seruice,
Vnder any eminent Commander?

Gent. Neuer yet.

Lucio.

The Cruell Brother.

Lucio. Reade these *Foreste*.

How Reputation lessens in esteeme,
Courtessie growes so cheape, that deniall,
Seemes lesse troublesome then consent,
And performance is only Lazy.
The labor of subscription hinders more,
Then thought of that, to which it doth subscribe,
This Letter would faine make you a Captaine
In the new Troupes, sent to the Valraine.
But sure your modesty will teach you baulke
The graunt, though I should beg ye to receau't.

Foref. Sir. Shall the grey head, the old Souldier,
That tries misfortune by his constancy
In sufferance; fronts the winters rage;
Whilst his blood is frozen into Corral,
His sinnes into Wyer: whole Vallor thinks
To weare Chain'd shot, as bracelets on his Loynes.
Shall his preferment be intercepted?
Shall he now traile a Pike vnder a Boy,
Whose experience is younger then his face?

Lucio. No, the friendship of the noble Marquisse
Shall neuer countenance vniust deeds.

Finde a Sute more capable of my grant,
And your acceptance, it is your owne.

Chaire at the

Gent. Noble Signior, I'll put ye to the test.

Arras.

Foref. Princes letters are cheaper far then those
Which Scriueners put to sale. If such Pigmyes,
Apes in doublets, procure command oth' Campe,
Let the Cranes wage war agen. No opposition
Is too weake to ruinate. — Goe young Lord,
The Duke is ill accompany'd, if on y
With his owne thoughts. Discover more. Perhaps
His discontent concerns not you.

Lucio. I feare, yet my hopes would faine comfort me,
Farewell.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter.

The Cruell Brother.

Enter Luinna, and Duarte.

Luin. I would not be vnmanly, but if
She be at leasure, tell her, I am heere.

Dua. Please your Ladyship to sit, I'll tell her so. *enter*
She's come already. *Corfa.*

Corfa. I saw your entrance. How doe you Sister?

Luin. I humbly thanke your honor, I am well,
Pray dismisse your woman: I would impart
A priuacy. *(bring*

Corfa. Watch my Lords comming from the *Duke*, and
Me word, before he is vncoacht.

Dua. I shall. *Exit Duarte.*

Luin. O Madam Time is now growne old, and runnes
But slowly, I thought each Hower, a yeere,
Vntill I saw your Ladyship.

Cor. Why what's the matter? I hope my brother's well.

Luin. Yes, I thanke heauen. But pray come hither.
Who doe you suppose was with me last night,
When my husband was at Court?

Corfa. How should I tell, without you instruct me.

Luin. Why giue a guesse.

Corfa. The Lady *Benuolia*, or the Lady
Veruua, who was it?

Luin. Nay t'was a Man too.

Corfa. That's fine if faith, pray name him to me.

Luin. What thinke you of the best man in Sienna?

Corfa. How? was the *Duke* with ye?

Luin. Yes, disguis'd too: he either came, (or else
Pretended so) to meeete your husband there.
After some talke, (in which he did expresse
His loue to all our family) he gaue
An ample praise of you: and sayd he saw
Already so much worth in your faire breast
As will adde a knot to your Lords Heart,
And his owne: nay and make his constant loue

The Cruell Brother.

A patterne for euery royall Master.

Corfa. Indeed, I dayly pray to haue it so.

Luin. Then he gaue me this same Jewell; to you
He recommended the receipt of this.

Corfa. Trust me wench, they are both full of glory
Rarely cut, and set.

Luin. Your's is the better of the twaine,

Corfa. It is.

But truly I mislike the manner of

The gift. Dost thou thinke his thoughts are honorable?
I prethee tell me?

Luin. Th'are such as I suspected at the first,

Such as made me to refuse these Jewels.

He swore I was a Traytor, if I thought

He meant amisse. Or if I did deny

To beare this same to you, I did but ill

Requite his kind request vnto my husband.

Then in the close he vsd such Art, such subtrill phrase,

To free his thoughts from the strict ieaiousie

Of mine; as reconcil'd me to obey his will.

You know besides how harsh it is to chide

With Maiestie, or slight Princes fauors.

Corfa. He shew it to my Lord.

Luin. I had thought t'haue shewne my husband mine too

But since t'is capable of curious

Questioning, I meane to stay awhile.

(at once.

Corfa. Thou counsayl't well. Wee'll weare 'em both

Mine is the best, I e're was Mistresse of. *Enter Duarts.*

Luin. And mine is not eclipsed much by yours.

Dua. Madam, my Lord is nere at hand.

Corfa. Come Sister, we shall heere the newes at Court.

Luin. I'll waite vpon your Ladyship.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Borachio.

Cast. Sir Knight, beleeue't *Fereste* is the Man;
That duls your reputation with the Duke.

And

The Cruell Brother.

And stubbornes the Count against ye.

Loth. Dares he controle my purposes?

Cast. Aske honest *Borachio* else.

Bora. Nay He'll not beleene me: though I should sweare
You flout him behind his backe: and when a man
Sees things plainely; he neede not buy spectacles,
Till he grow old.

Loth. I'll mince the Villaine into sand, to fill
My Howerglassie —

Cast. In this Garden he walkes continually
Afer dinner. Heere stay, and expect him.
And Signior in this skin of parchment; make
What paines I take, to perfect your reuenge.
I'th' shape of a tree (which takes roote in Hell)
You shall discouer all his base descent.
On that branch appeares a Hangman. Then,
A laker-man, then, a Tynker. On's Mothers side
A Bawde profess'd. then, a Tybb. then, a Trypewife.
A Synagogue of Welsh Rabbys; could not
Expresse more skill in Genealogies,
Then this includes. Sir, shew it him, and he
Insaniates strait.

Loth. I'll make him weare it on his forehead.

Cast. Excellent rage! but not a word of me.

I humbly take my leaue.

exit Castuchio.

Loth. Not the foure winds (met in March) shall coole my

Bora. Sir, now we are priuat, tis a fit time (I spleene
To be troublesome — (b)lood —

Loth. I'll cram Cerberus, with sopps made of the slaues

Bora. Concerning those Offices. I've thought on 'em,
And will haue 'em all in spight of *Boltons* teeth. *ent. Fox.*

Fox. Signior *Lothario*! *Borachio* too.

Thou art an honest fellow.

Bora. I, your worship is wise, to speake no more,
Then what you may well stand too.

Loth. Base stemme, deriu'd from Ilope roote,
Our Ancestors were not so familiar.

The Cruell Brother.

Behold, & grow more mannerly. *forwes him a Parchment.*

Foref. Whats heere? My Pedigree? Some sawcy knaue
Hath counsell'd him, to this affront. What he, *Enter*
I must know th'originall projector. *servants.*

Lay hold vpon those fooles.

Loth. Lay hold on me?

Take off your hands; or I will tosse ye all
Into the cloudes, and kicke the Mountaines after ye.

Bora. I pray bi the Gentleman take good heede;
For my Master, can doe all this, and more too
I haue seene him.

Ser. Be you quiet. You that desire Offices.

Bora. If I doe, what then? there be those desire
Worse things.

Loth. Know ye not Rogues, that I can muzzle vp
The testie Vnicorne, in a Spinners threed?

Foref. Lay all hold on him.

Bora. He that cannot runne for his Liberty
Hath no courage in his Heeles. Let the Goute
Take him, that hath Leggs, and w'ont vse'em *he runs away.*

Foref. No matter, let him goe. Conuey that foole,
Vnto the Porters Lodge.

Loth. A Chaos shall succeed this fame. *Exeunt ser-*
uants with Lothario.

Enter Lucio.

Foreste. Whither so fast (sweete Lord!)

Lucio. *Foreste,* I haue tane my leaue o'th' Duke.

Foref. Must ye away to night.

Lucio. Now, presently. My followers attend
At doore. I onely came to kisse thy hands.

Foref. The Sunne will faile yee, ere ye reach *Lucca.*

Lucio. I must through. His grace will haue it so.
Why dost thou nake thy head, to shake and reele,
Vpon thy shoulders thus. Is it o'tcome
With thoughts, and such as must be hid from me?

Foref. Take heede, suspicion is the Favourite

The Cruell Brother.

Of Time, and Nature, it takes a sudden growth:
And gathers in the brest, like Balls of snow,
In snow; vntill the weight make it deny
To be remou'd: then melts at leasure too.

Lucio. He's too moderate, that will at my yeeres,
Be satisfied thus.

Forest. Why then consider thus. You goe to *Lucca*,
There to congratulate the safe approach
Of the Popes Legate; He hath bin there a weeke;
And why he was not visited ere this
Or why vpon such strict, and short summons.
Your selfe must now be sent; quite puzzles me.
Actions rare, and sudden, doe commonly
Proceed from fierce necessitie: or else
From some oblique designe: which is a shamd,
To the wit selfe i'th' publique Rod.

Lucio. *Foreste* is this all?

Forest. Why my sweete Patron: this is enough
Of danger, since none is merited.

Lucio. Yong thoughts encourage me to sufferance.

Each storme is vsur to a gentle calme:
Who toyles with speede, gets soonest home to rest.
The plodding Mule shall sleepe eternally.
Why should the stricken deare bemoane his death:
His obsequies, were full of noble rites:
Alceons Qaire, a iolly Requiem gaue:
And th' Arrow from the bow did sing his dirge.

Forest. Thus thy yeeres doe riddle grieue away,
Making sorrow swift, because 'tis mortall.
Let me waite, on your Lordship to your horse,
And at your better leasure read this same.
I'll tell ye as we goe, who brought it me.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter Duke.

Duke. To wrong my boy, vnkinde, incestuous heate?
Why is Copulation legal; it giues

F 3

Authority

The Cruell Brother.

Authoritie to lust, for chastetie
Would soone conclude the World. O virtuous
Preiudice, when error, prevents folly !
Fiendes, Devils, that doe liue in liquid fire,
Haue constitutions not halfe so hot,
So riotous as mine. But why this ?
The beautilous *Corfa* is not yet desired.
He that repents e're he commits a fault,
Doth like a thirsty sinner store his Soule
With mercy, to absolve that sinne himselfe;
Which he may afterwards, more securely
Fall into. Enough this forme Initiates. *Enter Castruccio.*
The credulous Count her husband, I haue sent
To Lucca. And to morrow he returnes.
My plots are limitted too short a time
To become Actions. Nor was it skill
To send the Jewell by her sister. Marke !
My Soule and braine, are perfect Courtiers growne ;
In my declention, and my greatest want
They leaue me to instruct, and helpe my selfe.

Cass. These fancies are not old : the whole Court
Obsernes him strangely altered. But why
Am I sent for ? that I must know, by safe,
And cautious insinuation.

Duke. How soone, I've profited in discipline
Of Hell I must through What I did meane
Adultery at first ; will now I feare
Become a Rape.

Cass. Hah ! still vpon that string ? I like it well,
Tis muscicall.

Duke. *Castruccio* art thou come ?
Thou hast bin a Courtier long ; but whether
'Twas want of skill in me to choose a Man,
Or want of lucke in thee to be my choyce ;
Suspence makes neutrall. But know ; my loue
Wastardy, because still voyde of leasure ;

The Cruell Brother.

To warrant passion well bestowed, by fast
(Though tedious) trials. Affection
That is slow, is sure: And now, I weare my heart
Not in mine owne breast, but thine.

Cast. I haue but one life, it is some error
In your Grace, thus, t'oblige me to the losse
Of more, in your deare seruice.

Duke. I am not skil'd in words. But I affect
Thy fury. For thou art the bold Satyr,
That whips *Foreste*, and the wanton Count,
In thy tart Verse.

Cast. My gracious Lord! I shall conceiue much griefe,
If my zeale mistake in accusation
Of those Men, which th'vncertaine Tongue of Fame
Deliuers to my charge.

Duke. Nay, make not thy Confession an excuse
Rather then a story: For there needs none.
I hate *Foreste*, and the Count, and would
Deuise succinct ways to my reuenge.

Cast. Heauen forbid! I'de rather farre disgrace
The skill of my subiect; call accusation
Slander: then that the busie multitude
Should note inconstancy in you.

Duke. This is a damn'd Hypocrite. Chanellions
Changes, are not so intricate to sense.

Castruchio! ease me with nimble apprehension.
I haue not leasure, to be modest now.
Speake; hast no acquaintance with any neere
Corsa's person; the Counts faire wife?

Cast. I humbly beg, your Grace would not mistake
The conditions of my duty.

Duke. I beg of thee not to mistake the sense
Of my designes. My words import my heart,
And both, no danger vnto thee.

Cast. I hope my skill in seruitude, will not
Troucke my Prince to tempt my honor.

Duke.

The Cruell Brother.

Duke. What prolix loue is this ; Dost thou indent
With my acceptance, make choyce of seruices !

Cast. Your Grace will giue me leaue; since that I know
I not deserue to share in your high secrets,
To doubt my safety in knowing this.

Duke. Death ! and horror ! thy suspitions are too thinne.
Consider, why I sent the Count to Lucca ?

• Vpon my life thou art secure : therefore
Reply vnto my former question.

Cast. My gracious Lord, I haue some interest
In her woman.

Duke. Is *Corsa's* woman knowne to thee ?

Cast. She is. Perhaps —

Duke. Discharge thy tongue. May my cares blister
If they digest words to thy prejudice.

Cast. Perhaps I knew her, beyond the modest straine.

Duke. There's Gold. *Castruccio*, shew some pittie *sings*
On rebellious blood. Be my Harbenger, *him a Bug.*
Billet me this night where she doth lye
And thou art made for euer.

Cast. Must it be this night ?

Duke. Strict opportunitie will haue it so.
Her Lord returnes with the next Sunne.

Cast. I cannot say her leste shall porter be
Vnto your entrance ; but her woman shall.

Duke. Enough ! there's more Gold. Summon vp thy
Thy heart, thy soule, to meet in consultation, (braine
And so contriue my peace, Farewell.

Cast. I will instruct your Grace ere long : both when,
And how to make this amorous assault.

Duke. My selfe and my Exchequer are thine owne.
There needs no Art to worke him into euill ;
He is bad enough t' infect the Deuill.

Exeunt seuerall wayes.

Actus

The Cruell Brother.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter DORIDO.

(lock'd

DORIDO, Good! they haue left the Garden dore vn-

lock'd I'll venture in to helpe discouery.

Castruchio is grac'd with rare imployment:

The Duke and he doe heere consume the Night.

These are houres for Ghosts, Adulterers

And Theeues. The flauie is Haggard. At Supper

Being full of gold: his vaine Appetite

Fed at *Nero's* rate; I was discarded

With a frowne: shaken like a Burre from's Queene.

As if my closure heeretofore had bin

Impertinent. Ambition lessens all

Beneath it selfe to nothing: the higher Enter *Castru.*

We doe stand: so much lesse those men appeare *Duarte.*

Whom we behold below — Hearke! Kinde Fortune

Lend me thy Eares —

Cast. The night growes aged now. T'were fit the Duke

Would hasten his departure. In troth Wench,

Thy seruice to him exceeds requitall.

But what; she tooke it willingly!

Dua. No, but she did not.

Cast. Pox 'o these modest Lies! I say she did,

Duar. In troth you doe abuse her then; I'm sure

Her shrieks did scare my heart vp to my lipps.

Cast. Then thou couldst haue Kist'd heartely.

Duar. I wonder, it wakened not the whole house.

Cast. Ist possible! what meanes did the Duke vse

To stifle vp this noyse?

Dua. Nay, I know not. But since she was no more

Pliant; it doth repent me much, I'ere

Was instrument to his other actions.

The Cruell Brother.

Cast. What, repent ! I prethee sweete *Duarte*
Wrong not Diuinitie so much : waste not
A virtue, that would more profit others;
And to suppose that the Lady was rauish'd,
Is an heresie, which my Soule must nere
Be guilty of. Doe not I know Women
Are a kinde of soft waxe, that will receaue
Any impression ?

Dua. And doe not I know : there is difference
In workemen as in wax. Hard wax (when cold)
Accepts of no impression. By coldnesse
I inferre chastitie : for chastitie
Is cold :

Cast. But those workemen are harder farre
Then that hard waxe And t'is hardest of all
To finde those workemen : vnlesse by Russia
Where the people freeze, till they spit snow. Come,
Kisse me Chuck. Agen, once more —

Dor. A precious Satyrist ! This surly Dog,
Inueyes 'gainst lechery in others, 'cause
He would engrosse all Women to himselfe.

Cast. Your greatest Thieues, are commonly begot
When Parents doe their leachery by stealth.
Men get Cowards, when frighted in the Act.
And by such vulgar consequence : 't'is now
A proper time to beget a Pander.
One, that may hereafter doe other men
The same office : which we doe the *Duke* now.
Come. Shall we in, and try ?

Dua. You presume much, on an easie nature;
And how extrauagant you are abroad ;
I am not so vnkind to question.

Cast. Faith Wench : I've some interest in euery Childe
That plays i'th' streete, The *Dukes* come down. Go, go, *ent.*
Giue your Lady a Cawdle : and let me heare *Duke.*
How she likes her new Bedfellow. I'll meete *Exit Duar.*
His Grace two houres hence : when he hath dismis'd

Those

The Cruell Brother.

Those thoughts, which still succeed vnlawfull lust. *Exit Dor.*

Dor. O damnd villany ! Is this th' employment *Castr.*
That doth make ye proude ? I will haunt ye still,
To strengthen my intelligence. *Exit Dor. after. Cast.*

Duke. O silly, weake euasion ! being darke, would I
I creepe within my Cloke. Tis modesty
In sinne to practise euery disguise
To hide it from the World. But Creatures free from guilt
Affect the Sunne, and hate the darke ; because
It hides their innocence. O traytour Lust
That leades vs with encouragement to fight,
And when we haue discharg'd our Vaines for thee,
W'are besieg'd with thoughts, that more perplex vs
Then the former. For then we did complaine
Of strength, but now of weakenesse more.
Away, away. Tis time that I were gone :
The modest Morne doth blush i'th' East, as if
Adam'd to see so fowle a Rauisher. *exit Duke.*

Enter Castruchio, and Dorido.

Dorido. So swift of foote ! I must ouertake ye.

Cast. How now ! the World is wide enough : wherefore
Dost thou iostle me ?

Dor. Cry mercy Signior : the day's bleare Eie'd yett,
And my owne hast made me vnrandomly.

Cast. Signior *Dorido* is it you ? Tis much
To see you appeare before the Sunne.

Dor. Faith Signior ; the Count being out o' Towne
I thought *Foreste* would haue more leasure
To peruse my new Sute. He's early vp ;
Which caus'd my vigilance.

Cast. Why Signior vse a meanes more absolute ;
It is true, *Foreste* does all : but how ?
As th' instrument govern'd i'th' workemans hand.
Instru& me with conueniency of time,

The Cruell Brother.

And I will worke the Duke in thy behalfe.

Dor. Then Signior, you will oblige my prayers.

Cast. At supper, when you departed from me,
You gaue demonstrations of discontent:
Who knowes, but whilst the soul's imploy'd within;
The body might neglect some outward forme,
Which curiosity prefers to custome.
Custome to abuse. It was my businesse
Not disrespect of you, that did deprive
My complement of vanity. I shall
Reioyce when I can shew you kindenesse.

Dorid. I will be bold to thinke so.

Cast. I'de haue thee build thy Mansion on a Rocke.
Fauorites are seru'd in with those Dishes
The Prince best loues. And meate we most affect
We soonest surfeit on. Instruct thy soule.
The Count is but a glorious trifle.
And to be factious without benefit—
Well, thinke vpon't. I know a way to get
The Dukes best Eare, without *Forsythe's* helpe.

Farewell.

Exit Castruchio.

Dor. The Profit of the day be yours. These tricks
Shall make me weare him in my Eies. The slaue
Doth vsheer out his breath in state; as if
His honours had out growne his owne knowledge.
Yet but a tame Pander. The beautilous *Corfa*
Is rauish'd by the Duke. O blacke horror.
Arise my soule, inspire my industry
With noble purpose. Something I'll doe
That shall proclaime my Spirit.

Exit.

Enter Corfa, and Duarte.

Corfa. Hence, hence, like Time; who swiftly flys away;
But euermore returns. Goe cruell wench!
Thou hast betray'd thy Mistresse, euen to

Eternall

The Cruell Brother.

Eternall losse. Th'Angels that liue aboue
Haue seene it all. They know thee well enough;
In the generall Session of the world;
It will not my adultery be call'd;
But a prodigious Rape deriv'd from thee.

Duarte. Good Madam, your Conscience is too bold:
It troubles you too much. Dismis'e't: thinke,
That other Ladys haue offended more.

Corfa. Out Deuill. Wilt thou betray my soule too?
Duarte hence! I am inspired with strength
To make reuenge prooue masculine.
Flye quickly hence. Why dost thou stay? There's Gold.
I prethee wench in all thy Pilgrimage
Disperse my faulte in charitable sence.
Vse me nobly with thy Tongue. So farewell.

Duarte. Or let my sinne no mercy finde in Heauen,
No pittie heere on Earth. *Exit Duarte.*

Corfa. Now all the motives of my Lords delight
Exterminate for euermore with me.
My silent Lute's interred in the Case.
My voyce now rather frights, then captiuates
The sence. *Enter Luina.*

O Sister, dare you visit me?
I am a strumpet growne. Hence, and secure
Your fame.

Luin. Alack, what prodegie is this!

Corfa. I will tell thee all. For I should disgrace
Iniquitie to be modest now. The Duke —

Luin. Ay me! What in that name can priuiledge
Offence?

Corfa. Heare my *Luina*, heare. In midst of night,
By my pernicious womans helpe; He opes
My chamber doore: whose faithfull Hinges shreek'd,
To warne me of his dire approach. His Hand
Imployd a Torch, a Torch; whose fancy weake
Aged, and blacke, had overgrown the flame.
And shew'd (me thought) like vnto *Tarquins* Ghost;

The Cruell Brother.

Preaching in fire : as if it counsell'd him,
To prevent such pennance by forsaking
His attempt. This, I told him too. But he
(That came not to consider, but to act)
O'rerrul'd my Hands with his: then made shipwrack
Of my Honor.

Luin. O royall Villaine !
My ioynts and sinnewes dissipated are,
And scatter'd in a trembling feare. But marke
More sorrowes yet. My Husband lookeing in
My Cabinet, did spy that Iewell there,
Which the *Duke* last gaue me. It was to him
A new, and vnknowne starre: and Comet like,
Impley'd his thoughts with such Astrologie
As made an Optick of his ieaousie ;
Through which, he would discerne the cause, th' effect
Of its being there. I told him all the truth:
And Truth's oftner prayes'd, then rewarded
Heere on Earth: for he dismiss'd me streight
With fatall looks.

Carfa. My Brother is a noble Gentleman.
Goe, goe, and kneele to him. All ieaousie
Must still be strangled in its birth: or Time
Will soone conspire to make it strong enough
To ouercome the truth. Shield vs sweete Heauen!
The Sybills daunce about my Heart. They lay
Their verges heere: infusing a prophetique feare:
Which whippers we shall neuer meete againe,
Let's take a solemne leaue - farewell for euer *they kisse.*

Luin. Farewell! the noblest Lady o'th' World.

Exeunt severall Wayes.

Enter Cofino, and Borachio.

Cof. I am glad to see thee well *Borachio!*
But where's thy Master? what, in durance still?

Bora. Alas Sir, I (Good Gentleman,) the Roome
Wherein they haue put him, is so litle

Hee

The Cruell Brother.

Hee fills it vp to the Roofe: and is faine
To leave his Legges Sentinels without doore,
To watch the rest of his body. Tis no
Chamber, but a Court. Cubbord.

Cof. But they make him amend's in his diet.

Bora. They cannot Sir, For he's a faine eater,
If he would pray so often as he fasts;
He had bin at libertie long agoe.
He'd dine vpon a single Pea; and leaue Orts.

Cof. Doe they no more regard his potent hopes?

Bora. Alas Sir, when Fortune's Tippet stands vp,
Few men will lend a pin to tacke it downe,
I, and my linage haue sweete losse of him:
I'm sure o'that,

Cof. Nay, that's too euident.

Bora. O sir! I would not a'giuen this Rush;
Thane bin assur'd all th'offices in's gift
But hang such Dukes (I say) that suffer thus
Their Favorites to be imprisoned.

Cof. How now *Borachio*! Dost thou speake treason?

Bora. Sir, I haue sayd no more, then what I meane
To vsfay againe: which is but a kinde
Of loosing one's labor. And 'tis better,
To be ill employ'd then to be idle. *enter Castfruchio.*

Cof. How the slaue sowes his Pronerbs together.
Are you come? I haue stay'd vntill the Clocke
Gauc your promise the lye.

Cast. My time was spent to more aduantage.
I haue declar'd my interest in your blood.
If you assist my plots; you needs must share
Successe, that hath already warranted
A large requitall.

Cof. I am resolu'd: and wish my selfe more able.

Cast. T'is well. But now you vndertake businesse:
You must be as serious as a Mulle.
That is: weare your Beard, vpon your tongue: talke,
Brauely. But of all auoyd *Dorido*

The Cruell Brother.

As you would to drinke
A violent poyson.

Cof. Enough, he is a stranger to my thoughts.

Cast. There's fresh encouragement — *gives him Gold.*

Cof. A little more of this mettall would puzzle

My Geography; Is this Italy

Or the Indies. There *Borachio!* Weepe no more

For thy Master.

Bora. Allas I'm apt to weepe, though I but see
An Onyon stripp'd naked.

Cast. I thought to meeete thy Master heere. I'm sure
I saw the warrant sign'd for his release.

Bora. The Deuill take your worship for me, why,
D'ye bring such good newes, on a work'y day?

Cast. But thou pray'st ill, in praying the Deuill
To take me.

Bora. Why could he euer come to lesse purpose
Then when he findes you doing well. Though he
Loose his labour once: I dare warrant ye,
He'll come againe on the same errand.

Cast. A bitter foole.

Bora. Sir, let we friends be true to one another.
There are but few true friends extant. Let them
Be kindly vs'd and kept, if only for breed.

Cast. With all my heart, translate thy meaning.

Bora. Is my Master at liberty?

Cast. I'll deferre an answer of this, vntill
Thy owne Eies be a little elder.

Bora. Well, is he still in fauour with the Duke?

Cast. Why he shall shortly gouerne all at Court,
And be a very Mote in the Duk's eye.

Bora. Enough. Tis not wholesome to burst with leys.

Cast. But what then?

Bora. I've thought with much care on these Offices:
And finde my selfe fitting to be in'em.

I will haue'em all, come Cut, and Long-taile.

For my Wife, will be such a glad woman. *Enter Lethario.*

Cof.

The Cruell Brother.

Caf. Looke : who comes there ?

Bora. O Sir ! giue me your blessing — *He kneels*

Loth. Weepe not *Borachio* ! I haue prepar'd
Such bloody art in my reuenge ; as makes
Mens wits, more famous then their cruelty.
Let horror propagate. All's too litle
For my vse. But you Sir had the honor,
To release me.

Caf. Or else I had bin much dishonor'd.

Caf. Sir, now he supposeth you in durance :
And is himselfe secure ; happely drunke,
Or riding in the stewes ; you may take some
Aduantage on his soule too. Loose no time.

Loth. That's my intent.

For it were dull humanitie to aime
No farther then his life. We pursue him
Euen to Hell.

Caf. And let me alone so to facilitate
The proiect, by search of fit time, and meanes :
As shall declare the act lesse troublesome,
Then thus to threaten it with words.

Bora. You Signior *Castruccio* ! Signior Coxcombe !
Are you tild with doing well ? you haue scarce
Brought my poore Lord out of the Prison doores ;
But you long to haue him in agen. Nay,
Nere looke ! For my Sword dwells within a Yard
Of my Tongue, and shall defend what I say

Caf. What a pernicious Calfe is this ?

Bora. What harme haue my poore Wife, and Children
To you, or yours ; that seeing me within (done
A haire breadth, of a hundred offices,
You confound all, by leading my poore Lord
Into new broyles.

Loth. Bold Miscreant ! If I but stir —

Caf. Nay Signior ! let him alone. *Borachio* !
Steepe thy wrath in cold water : follow,
And be dumbe. All shall be well.

The Cruell Brother.

Bera. Yes, perswade me to dry Ice in an Oven!
But I'll follow your Heeles so close: as Ile
Goe neere to tread vpon your Kibes.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Dorido, and Foreste.

Dorido. Signior, I knew ye a braue Commander
Vnder the great Petruchio; and since
That time your constant vertues haue deseru'd
More recompence, then Fate will minister
By me. My kindenesse is no miracle:
Since gratitude is only sicke, not dead.
But pray beleue what I haue sayd is truth.

Foref. O Sir, 'tis th'error of vnskilfull loue
To be too constant in her charitie
To all. But I haue grounds more relatiue
To make me iealous of the truth: and I
Beleue you with my heart: and yet 'tis strange.
Doe this *Castruchio* thinke his haggard fate
Can triumph ouer mine? because in lust
The Deuill did instruct his industry:
Dares he attempt my life?

Dor. I giue you reall grounds for my suspence.
Reward (sir) may make a Villaine bloody
Though it cannot make him valiant. The Duke
Will let him want no Gold.

Foref. Nay 'tis often seene.
Amongst the seuerall Creatures of a Prince,
Such instruments as these most profit reape.
Imployments noble doe requite themselves,
And honour payes, the great of heart: who loose
But Time in seruice which is the Bodies wealth.
Your friend stays. If you please 't'appeare with him
From thence, at my summons: I shall discouer more.

Dor. Noble Signior, I am yours, *exit Dorid.*

Foref. What hoa? *Luinna*: Wife! *Enter Luinna.*

Luin.

The Cruell Brother.

Luin. My Lord!

Foref. Come hither *Lone*. Signefie in secret
When was the royall Lecher heere disguis'd?
What did he send thee last? when must ye quench
The Cyprian fire: hah! you may tell me all,
For I'm not blabb. Alas, I'm more silent
Then my Grandfire in his Tombe. A subtill Pimper, I,
A Pander learned in the art. Tell me Chucke?

Luin. Alas my noble Lord! what doe ye meane?

Foref. Why nothing, I: yet tis enough I feele
The wrong. If ignorant, I suffer twice.
And therefore let me know my Enemy.
The little worme, when trod vpon; will turne
His Head, to looke vpon his Murderer.
And hath my Spleene no Eies: Is the reuenge
Of Man lesse curious then a Wormes. — She weepes,
O *Luina*, the sacred knot's vntid.
Thou hast defild and stayn'd the vestall Sheeter.
Thy Breast shall be no more my Pillow.

Luin. O say not so. Let Thunder strike me dead,
If I 'ere knew the *Duke*; with knowledge more
Dishonest, then what harbours in the Eies;
Only by sight.

Foref. O new horror! such brazen impudence,
Would make a Negro blush. Come glorious whore,
Acquaint me with your tricks. Who? when, where, how?
For besides the fewell which he gaue thee:
I haue proofes, that will euen damme my sister;
And conuince thee too.

Luin. My deere Lord? be not cruell in your Faith;
What I haue sayd is truth.

Foref. Still constant in thy periurie. Mercy
Were taken, se then. Thou shalt dye
Like an heroyique Whore: a stout. Martyr *Enter Dorido*
To thy concealed loue. Appeare ho! and his friend in
Heere my she goate! These men are full and fresh; vsfards.

The Cruell Brother.

But if they cannot tire ye out : I will
Procure ye some of larger Thighs ; that feede
On th' vnctious Lhasis, and the Persian-Crab.
Or bring the riotous Horse, and the Towne Bull
To drown ye in the act. Take her aside,
And agree who shall beginne

Lum. Stay, stay, O my Husband, my deereft Lord!
Will you permit such cruelty against
Your owne Wife. She, that hath so often slept
Within your Bosome. O speake ? doe you want
The naturall touch ? stay, stay, I will confesse't.

Forest. Stay, I'm of too easie, too soft a Soule.
My Heartstrings (sure) are made of silke ; and 'tis
A subtile whore, she knowes it well enough.
But come, be briefe. Charme me not with storys
Of my former loue betweene vs.

I see thee as thou art, and thou appear'st
Like an intire, proportionable Boyle.
Why speake'st thou not ?

Lum. Sorrow was euer flow of vterance,
And I doe tremble still. I knew the time,
My duty hath bin held in more regard
Then now it is. All former interest
Is quit forgot.

Forest. Marke, did not I suspect, she would begin
Her Charmes agen. Away with her.

Lum. O stay, now, now, I will reueale all.

Forest. Be nimble then : and tell me punctuall truth,
For my reuenge is honest, and would not
Willingly mistake, when it shall strike.

Lum. T'is true, your Sister's rauish'd by the Duke.
Which fatall truth, this morning I receau'd
From her owne mouth, But if I ere did breake
My Mariage vowes, or thinke vnlawfully ;
Then may I loose my interest in Heauen.
My duty, and my loue remaine still yours,
And this constancy deserues some kindnesse.

Therefore,

The Cruell Brother.

Therefore, if t'is decreed that I must dye :
Let me dye a modest death. Expose not
Your poore vvife, vnto the cruelty
Of Rauishers.

Forf. What thinke ye sir ?

Dor. My thoughts continue in the former sence:
I haue a chaste, and virtuous vvife ; howeuer
You desir'd Assurance from a triall
So vnkind as this.

Forf. Still me thinks that Iewell which he gaue her,
Procur'd the same requisall that my Sister made.
But let it passe. I doe conuince ye both,
(As y^e haue bin Souldiers) to keepe your Tongues,
A safe distance from your Eares, Let not words
Disperse what you haue heard. T'is externall
Reputation that keeps some Men from sinne.
Our faults once knowne, we doe neglect to mend :
Since Reputation suffers still : for that
Admits of helpe, but it is neuer cur'd.
And so the farall iarrs twene Man, and Wife,
If secret kept, dissension falls asleepe.
But if once knowne to Fame ; Fame talks so loude
She waketh it agen. Your silence Signiors,
Shall challenge much from my requisall.

Dor. Besides our obligations to your worth,
Euen both our honors would impose it
As a virtue, not a trouble. We are
Your humble seruants. *Exit Dorido with his Friend.*

Forf. I will deserue you for my friends. Rise —
You must be cleer'd by a stricter triall :
Till when I doe neglect the large Charter
Of Husbands o're their Wives : and command ye
As a Iudge th'offendor. Hence, and become
My Prisoner in your Closet. Take heede,
No curiosity in feare make you,
To pry in my designs,

The Cruell Brother.

Luina. I doe obay ye cheerefully. *exit Luina;*

Foreſt. O my heart! ſhall my induſtry, and hopes
Finde this period? My ſufferance is tir'd.
It is an old inſtancy in Fate,
Soone to erect, and ſoone to ruinate.

Exit;

A Chayre at the Arras.

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter FORESTE Solus.

FORESTE, No, no, my Starres, it is too much to beare.
Though I were ſtomach'd like an Eſtridge,
Yet could I not digeſt ſuch hard dealing.
My Wife deſil'd, *Corſa* rauiſh'd. The Count
Abus'd where ſatiſfaction is exempt
By Nature, My ſelfe proſcrib'd to ſuffer
By the cheape valour of obſcure Villaines.
Would I had trode the humble path, and made
My induſtry leſſe ambitious. The Shrub
Securelie growes. The tall'eſt Tree, ſtands
Moſt in the winde. And thus we diſtinguiſh
The Noble from the baſe: the Noble finde
Their liues, and deaths ſtill troubleſome:
But humility doth ſleepe, whiſt the ſtorme
Growes horce with ſcolding My Gall o'eflowes my heart:
And drownes propitious Thoughts. I will be iuſt
Yet cruell too. The darkeneſſe of the Night
Is thicke. I feele as I grope for way —
Stay — That ſickly light from her chamber breaks.
Miriion ſhe beginne with you.

Exit.

Enter

The Cruell Brother.

Enter Corfa and a Boy.

Corfa. Sing gentle youth; who knowes if I shall line
T'employ thy voyce agen.

Song.

Boy. Weepe no more for what is past
For Time in motion makes such haste
He hath no leasure to discry
Those errors which he passeth by.
If we consider Accident,
And how repugnant vnto sence,
It pays desert with bad euent:
We shall disparedge Prouidence.

Enter Foreste.

Forest. This is your Dirge,

Corfa. Hah! who is there?

Forest. Tis I. Dismiss that trible hence, and shut
The doore.

Corfa. Farewell Youth! Get thee to bed. *exit Boy.*

Forest. But where's the rigled Hagg; th' incestuous lump
Of heate? where is she, speake?

Corfa. Alas Sir, who doe you meane?

Forest. Why she: that Gossips with the Devils Damme,
The subtil Bawde, your Woman. O Sister! *Corfa kneeles.*
I haue heard all. — Nay doe not worke distinction thus.
Kneele not to me; you are my Patrons wife.

But yet where obligation is indeer'd;
There Iniurie condemns it selfe. Can you
Suruiue a wrong so eminent: a wrong
Committed 'gainst your Husband, and my Patron?

Corfa. O Sir! I hope if you haue heard the truth:
You will conclude it as a rape i'th' Duke;

And

The Cruell Brother.

An! no adultery in me.

Forf. How, a rape! o weake, and immodest shift;
Were *Artine* aliuie; or had I brought
A Crew of Midwiues heere: whole obscene art
Might wrrant the distinction good;
Although the cause did blush, to owne th'effect;
Yet thy appeale might stand: but heere are none.
If compulsion doth insitt, vntill
Enforcement breed delight, we cannot say,
The femall suffers. Acceptance at the last,
Disparageth the not consenting at the first:
Call's her d. niall, her vnskilfulnesse;
And not a virtuous frost i'th' blood.
Come, sit thee downe. — Or if ye meane to pray,
Kneele, and be nimble in deuotion.
Thou art to dye.

Corfa. My Noble Brother!
Doe not fright my sufferance: vse me kindly
With your tongue, and lookes: I am already
Reconci'd to Hesuen; and would perhaps
Consent to your designe.

Forf. Blessed speech! thou shalt prescribe my gesture
And my Phrase.

Corfa. I were not vnnaturall in me, to wish
For life: yet minding what constructions
The world may make of my sinister chance —

Forf. I there's the point. The giddy multitude
Haue neither skill, nor leasure to c. nuince
Supposition. with Arguments of strength
And charitie. Their quicke censure, brings such
Effect, as spectacles, when vs'd in hast;
Which then doe rather aggrauate the shape:
Th'inglor distinction of the forme. Who, who,
Would liue to be an Argument for them?

Corfa. Doe ye conclude then, that I must now dye?

Forf. Why ist not apt, and pregnant to your sence,
It should be so?

Corfa.

The Cruell Brother.

Corfa. Ere I take my last leaue of my kinde Lord.

Fores. Ceremonious forme, doth oft, so long
Delay our journey ; till it prooue too late
To reach our home. T'is a long way to Heauen.
We must make hast. Nay, if your courage faile
Before it comes vnto the test : I shall
Prepare to be vnkind. Grimme, black fancy
Could you indure to see your Lord ; defil'd,
Polluted as you are ? That kinde Patron
To all our family ; whose constant loue
Is warranted by Time ; that best can iudge
Of constancy. Who tooke you to his bed ;
Vpon conditions cheape, and dangerous
To his owne estate.

Corfa. Sir, speake no more ; but vse me as you please ;
I will obay in all. (Scarfe)

Fores. Come, stretch downe your Arme : and permit this
To fastne it to th' Chaire. Then vaile your Eies.
We must not trust a Woman's valleur so —

Corfa. Oh, oh, oh. (Heere)

Fores. The torture's past. Thy wrist vaynes are cut,
In this Bason bleed ; till drynesse make them curle
Like Lute-strings in the fire —

Corfa. Commend me to my deereſt Lord. I am
His humble sacrifice. Hee'le not be more
Vnwillling to grant attonement : then I
Haue beene to neede it. The Fates giue others
Expiation : which now they want themselues.
I speake too loude. For who dares chide with them
That may employ Thunder.

Fores. Her beauty 'gins to wither. She distills
Like to a Rose. O could I separate
The blood defil'd from what is pure : I would
Shed that ; then restraine the current, know !
(Vnskilfull Nature) If operation
Should long subsist in such grosse mixture : Men,
Would be Devils 'ere they liu'd in Hell.

The Cruell Brother.

Corfa. I come Celestiall Quire! — *She riseth up.*

Foref. Extasie! through weakenes in expence of blood!
Deare sister! Disturbe not your last Minutes,

Corfa. I must ascend —

Foref. How! would you enter Heauen; with fetters on
Your Soule? clogg'd with these mortall Limbs. Sit downe,
Expire in peace.

Corfa. O my Brother! whilst I am yet humane,
Let me feele some interest in your blood.
What fault of mine deserues impediments
In my last iourney? If my Lord were heere
He would haue seene me vs'd with mercy.

Foref. Sweete Soule! these, are but mistakes of weakene-
ness.

Corfa. Will not my Lord be mercifull; to me,
And to my memory.

Foref. Sit still. I bring no negatiue reply.
Thy worth shall shine in such a Character:
That being dead; he needs must wooe thy Ghost.

Corfa. And will Posterity consent, that I
Abide in List; with those of modest fame?

Foref. That Astrologer; who spys thee first
Within a Starre: must not finde thee billeted
Neere to *Venus*. Such error in his A&;
Would make me wreath his Body into Cords.
And with prolix strength draw the dull Caytiffe,
Through his slender Optick.

Corfa. Oh, oh, oh —

Recorders: Sadly.

Foref. A Convulsion in her Arteries!

Corfa. Mercy Heauen!

She dies. still Musicke

Foref. Hearke!

above.

As she ascends, the Spheares doe welcome her,
With their owne Musicke. --- Her Soule is gone!
Hah? whether is it gone? O vast suspence!

Madnesse succeeds inquirie. Fooles of Nature!

Cease

What Ancestor (that dyde long since) hath brought
Vs newes of his abode! or told vs how

Rec.

They vse him in the other world! O this

YVilde

The Cruell Brother.

Wilde mysterie so much concerneth Man:
That we would willingly dismisse suspence
With Eiesight not with consequence.
For he that sees through Faith, but flatters doubt:
Faith's a Perspective; through whose narrow lane;
Little things (far of) seeme so much too great,
Too neere: that what was first vnknowne is more
Estrang'd from knowledge, then it was before.
Yet by the rules of lawfull notion: It
Goes well with her: for she was euer giuen
To prayer: superstitious in humilitie:
And euen vnthriftie in her charitie.
She held her Virtues in such high extreames,
That her Diuinity was troublesome.
Grew from a Saint, a holy Cynick. Sleepe heere:
A sacrifice to thy wrong'd Lord: Till I
(Thy Pries't) become an Executioner
To him; who was thy cruell Rauisher. *Exit Foreste.*

Enter Duke, and Castruchio.

Duke. Doth she insist in censure of the act
With such a sterne impatience, and dislike?
Cast. Euen so (Sir) my intelligence imports.
For since her Woman, was dismissed: she sent
A Messenger vnto Lucca; to vrge,
Her Lords returne: whom (by a labor'd consequence)
I doe expect within this Hower. Hee'le choose
To trauaile in the Night for priuacie.

Duke. And I haue sent to stay him there: vntill
A new Commission order his returne.

Cast. Most royall Sir, you then may guesse what frights
Such opposition in these messages
Will nourish in his Heart. And being yong,
He cannot feede on doubts. Hee'le rather thinke
His interest in you his prouledge to erre:
So, fligh your Mandate, and come home,

The Cruell Brother.

To settle his suspence.

Duke Remorse doth cherish danger! Let me be safe.
Secure me in thy wholesome Art. I would
Expresse my selfe without a Tongue —

Cast. My gracious Lord; my apprehension lies
Not in my Eares but in my Braine. I can
Conceiue without the noyse of words. It shewes
Apparent to my intellect: the Count
Presuming on that free adresse, he still
Hath had vnto your person: will hither bring
Corsa, and *Foreste* to shew the shape,
And quality, of his new sufferance.

Be you within your bed, to free you from
The worlds suspicion: whilst I doe place
Behind the Gallery doore (which leads vnto
Your Cloffet Chappell) such trusty spirits,
As shall dare to thrust their weapons home.

Duke. O quintessence of Soule. I will deuote
My actions wholly to thy vse. Goodnight. *Exit*

Cast. May slumber ceaze vpon your royall Eies
With gentle closure. Know, poore *Foreste*!
The bag that holds my Gall is so immense, *Enter Duke.*
That when I steepe thee in it thou art drown'd.

Duke. *Castrachio*; I haue better thought vpon't.

Cast. My gracious Lord.

Duke. I would not haue thee hurt my Boy: vse him
Kindly for my sake.

Cast. Shall I not strike him heere; betweene the Ribbes?

Duke. Not for the world. Thou dost not know his Soule.
He's of so soft, so sweete a propertie,
That he enchants where he is knowne. Besides,
I finde I am so powerfull o're his youth:
That I shall soone extirpate from his memory
The wrong I did his Wife, and him. As for
Foreste: his experience is of growth
Too itubborne, of pra'ise stiffe; and will not
Be remoou'd from his reuenge, by strength of words.

Therefore

The Cruell Brother.

Therefore, let him no mercy feele : but let;
My Boy be gently vs'd for my sake. Farewell —

Exit

Cass. This is a silly kinde of loue!

Duke.

But let me thinke — So to contriue this plot:

That *Lothario* may destroy *Foreste*,

And I him to make his silence safe! humh —

Enter

Duke. No; it must not be —

Duke.

Cass. My royall Lord!

Duke. *Lucio* (my Boy) is not proscib'd. Take heed
Castruchio! If thou dost extend thy hand:

In motion, boysterous, and rough to him;

Thou dost infect all thy other kindnesse:

And I shall see thee as a Cocatrice:

That will enforce my Optick-nerves to shrink,

And pull my Eies into my skull. Looke to't.

Cass. Most gracious Sir, were his person bolwarke'd
With the Alpes: were he hidden in's owne teare;
He could not be more safe, then you haue made him.

Duke. Once more then good Night.

exit.

Cass. A plague vpon this turdy loue. Such thoughts
When first your Blood did make your Vaines to swell
(Like Bridges 'ore your flesh) had preuented
My imployment. Softely, softely.

Feare, and suspicion euer walke on Egges.

Enter Foreste, and Seruants with a Light.

Forest. Leaue heere the Light, and goe to Bed.
Breake ope the doore, breake ope the doore.

Exit

Forest. Hah! who counfels so unlawfully?

Servant.

within cry

Enter Lucio and Seruants.

Lucio. O *Foreste!* the fatall Houre is come.
Ring out your Bells, vntill they wake the dead.
Let the Drumme inurmure in a fable Bagge.

Reuerse your Muskets, and traite your itubborne Pikes

The Cruell Brother.

In slimy-Channels. Let Trumpets groane,
And the shrill Phiph be hoarce. The fatall Hower,
Is come.

Forest. Why, what's the matter Sir?

Lucio. O my wife! by this she did entreat me *he shewes*
Suddenly, (vpon some vrgent cause) *a Letter.*

To haste from Lucca to her: Just now;
I lighted from my Horse, enter'd her Chamber:
And found her newly murdered in her Chayre.
My Seruants say that my arriuall there,
Did iust succeed your departure from her.

Forest. Dismiss your Seruants, and you shall know all.

Lucio. Hence, and expect me strait at home. *Exeunt*

Forest. I pray come hither Sir. -- Doe you dislike *seru.*
That iustice which depriu'd your Wife of breath?

Lucio. Doeſt thou call it Iustice?

Forest. Yes, in the nobleſt ſtraine: ſhe was deſil'd.
The royall Goate (the *Duke*) hath rauish'd her:
And I (that neuer could admit excuse
In points of honor) (where euer ſuſpicion
Sufficieth to condemne) did ſummon vp
My memory: wherein the kinde effects,
Of your beſt loue to vs are regiſtred.
And finding you betray'd in your owne Fort!
I ſlit her Wriſt-waynes, and gaue perpetuall
Liberty, to her polluted Blood.

Lucio. O Villaine! more bloody then the Tyger;
Whose empty Entrailes noyſe, doth (Trumpet like)
Encourage cruelty; Though thou diſt flight her
As my poore Wife: yet ſhe might well expect
Some mercy, as being thy owne ſiſter.

Forest. Had ſhe included all propinquity
Of blood; which lawfull Mariage keepeth knowne,
Or promiſcuous Copulation, maketh
Intricate: this bare word (Honor) had bin
Enough, t'haue diuorc'd her from my mercy.
Sweete Lord; doe not miſtake your Seruant:

Whose

The Cruell Brother.

Whose kindenesse thinks his owne Sister (when defil'd)
Was to base for your vse.

Lucio. A bloody kindnesse to distinguish so.
She was no Adulteresse, but enforc'd. Her thoughts
Were pure : and such a noble sympathy
Indeerd her Soule to mine ; that her owne Teares,
Might soone haue wash'd away her Bodys staine,
And she againe seeme cleane. *Corsa !*

O my Wife ! my bosome Girle ! where art thou ?
Speake, no reply ? Art thou so much busied
With thy new acquaintance now in Heauen ?
That thy poore Lord, may not borrow one word
At parting ? Draw, draw ingratefull Monster !
That hast preuented thus our Dialogue.

Foref. Sir, coole your spleene ! take breath awhile :
And heare me speake.

Lucio. No false Syren ! thou holy Hypocrite !
I know thy tricks too well ! 'Cause I am yong,
Too soft of heart, and apt to melt
In euery flame of my owne triuiall loue ;
Therefore thou thinkst to practise on me now
With subtill phrase. Draw, or else thou dy'st.

Foref. Come -- Let me dye (as she) a sacrifice
To thee my Patron. *offers his naked brest.*

Lucio. A sacrifice to me ! O *Foreste !*
Why dost thou multiply thy skill *flings away his Sword.*
To thy friends prejudice ? It is not well,
In troth it is not. Imploy thy owne heart :
Thinke vpon't thy selfe. Tis not kindly done :
I should not haue vs'd you thus --

Foref. O my deere Lord ! where did I loose your heart ?
I am o'recome at these exprefions.
I cannot weepe much : yet my Eies are moyst.
O my vnskillfull gratitude ! what dire
Mistake, confounds our properties ! I kill'd
A Sister, to secure a Friend. T'was ill,
T'was not the right way. A true Romane now,

Would

The Cruell Brother.

Would walke aside, and with his owne Sword
Dismiss his owne Soule: and not permit
Moysture in youthfull Eies, thus to disgrace
The strength of elder loue. I cannot weepe,
But our diuinity supplies vs with
Discreeter wayes, to make affection knowne;
Enough. I will prefix but one short Houre,
To thinke vpon't. Heere sir. Sheath your good sword,
Till reuenge prooue ripe. And I coniure
By all my Sisters loue to follow me:
In whose behalfe, your iustice may employ
It selfe. Which done, you shall behold my Heart
Without a Perspectiue.
If it concerneth her; by whom thou dost
Coniure my seruice, I'm bound to follow thee.

Forf. What hoa!

Enter Luina.

Luin. My Lord.

Forf. Come Minion, come along with vs, You walke
Vnto the Barre. If triall find thee false;
Thou shalt be scattered into Atomes

Luin. O my deuining Soule! Sure my Sister
Is not safe

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Cossimo,
seuerall wayes.

Cast. Signior Lothario!

Loth. Heere! Signior Cossimo!

Cos. I am heere, Speake low. Cosen *Castruchio.*

Cast. I am heere too. Why are we scattered thus?

Cos. Tis in search of *Borachio*; who fearing
Danger in this action, commits himselfe
Very tainely to his Heeles.

Cast. Let him be damn'd vnthought of. Haue you heard,
Or scene a Passenger.

Cos. No, yet *Lothario* gives me notice:

The Cruell Brother.

Of a noyse farre off: but you know the length
Of an Asles eare.

Loth. Passes there (say you) who is't?

Cos. He echoes by mistake. No body: but
My Counten says he'lugge the Asles eare,
Speaking of your Man.

Loth. The Butchers dog shall saue him a labor;

Cast. Well Gentlemen, I haue intelligence
(By my Boy) that *Foreste*, and the Count,
Are coming hither. Looke to't. But let the Count
Be late. You know his voice *Lothario*?

Loth. Very distinctly.

Cast. Well, any Man (but he) that stirres his Tongue,
Enuies his owne ruine Giue me your Hands
I'll bring ye to a doore: through which, if they
Doe passe, it must be ouer vs.

Loth. Leauē *Foreste* to my charge for I am
His impediment.

Cos. Softely, softely.

Exeunt Omnes.

The *Duke* (on his Bed) is drawne forth.

Enter Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.

Foref. Now set we the reflex at liberty: *He opens a*
Heere let me beg your tariance: 'till I darke Lanthorne.
Resolue a doubt that most concernes my Heart.

Lucio. You shall. But doe not execute reuenge,
Vpon the *Duke*; till my assent encourage thee.

Foref. My actions are confin'd: Vpon, not in
The Bed? Guilt confounds all order, and makes,
Our reit vnnaturall. Mistress, stand you there.

He leads Her to stand at the Beas feete.

Duke. Hah! from whence that light? who waites within
Foreste, is it you? what doe you meane
By this vnciuill visitation?

The Cruell Brother.

Foref. I am not so vnthrifty of my time
To ioyne replys, vnto demands, I must
Deprive you of your Soule.

Duke. How? Is this Language lawfull, vnto me
Thy Soueraigne Prince. Did not high-prouidence,
Treble the assurance of my safety:
By Guards inuisible, when I was first
Predestinate to this supream function?
And darst thou tempt the strength of Heauen?

Foref. I know t were a prophane curiosity
In me, to question the prerogatiues
Of a free Prince. For Ignorance, and a dull,
Easie faith; must flatter bondage still.
Or Libertie (th'eldest Child of Nature)
Confounds predominance, by suing for
Equalitie amongst the Sonnes of Men:
And so reuokes a Chaos.

Duke. Which soone returnes: vnlesse distinction
Perswade thee fixe my Royalty, aboue
Thy reach: that art my naturall Subiect.

Foref. Enough false Sir. Warne not the ayre with words.
Be still, or I conclude ye in a trice,
And now requite the Leaseure, I permit
For prayer: by a true reply to what
I shall demand.

Duke. I will.

Foref. Looke on your opposite.
Did you euer make her an Adulteresse?
Speake truth, so come your Soule to Heauen.

Duke. Neuer. So come my Soule to Heauen, as I
Speake truth.

Foref. O Sir?
Take heede the Periuurer hath little hope
On the last day, to hide himselfe i'th' Crowde.
He is a sinner much too eminent.
But what meant that lewell which you gaue her;
And which she conceald; till its owne lusture

The Cruell Brother.

Did betray it ?

Duke. I gaue it to disguise the cause, for which
I sent the other vnto *Corsa*.

Lucio. That name will prick my fury on : although
I strue to be propitious.

Foref. I know *Luinna*, thou art mercifull ;
Forgiue me gentle Girle. It was the first
Bargaine we did make i'th' Church, to Share
In sufferance.

Luin. And 'tis my duty Sir, to be most prompt
In the obseruance.

Foref. My Lord :

Lucio. A rude summons, that calls me as a Iudge,
To censure on the errors of my Prince.

Duke. What, Is he there too ? O killing obiekt !

Foref. Behold (yong Lord) the cruell Rauisher,
Whom Time himselfe shall neuer parallell,
Though he suruay his old Records, and scratch
His reuerend Head to waken memory.

Lucio. O horror ! furnish vs (sweet Heauen) with some
Instinct. Inspire remorse : or we accuse
Thy skittulnesse to predestine vs a Prince :
Murdring, whom thou didst annoint our Soueraigne.

Foref. My heart swells, I'm full of griefe, and danger.
Some Iron Hoopes to helpe my Ribbes, or I shall burst.

Duke. The cause deserues great alteration.
More then mortallity can see, and yet
Be safe. I wonder Heauen takes so little
Notice of it. I am not findg'd to death
With Lightning Like the Dorr : nor murdered through
The Eare with thunder ; like a Batt. O *Lucio* !
Minde not my former loue : but strike, vntill
I groane my last.

Lucio. *Forefe* sheath thy sword. It must not be.
He was our Royall Master once, and might
In modesty compare himselfe ; with all
Best Princes ; whom Fame reserves as Paternes,

The Cruell Brother.

For my sake sheath your Sword.

Duke. O I shall suruiue my Royall Charter?
My creature is more beautifull then I:
More wealthy in his loue.

Forest. For my owne part, I will annihilate
My self: for should I liue, I should grow madde.
But I am bound to care for you (my Lord)
Take heede! I know the tricks of Maiestie.
They thinke they cannot be secure after
Doing ill; but by doing worse: that is,
By killing quire whom erst they did but wound.

Lucio. And that's the surgery, which I desire.
I will endure all. O my Lord, my Lord;
I will not bid Posterity tell tales: nor charge
Historians to insert in Annalls;
On such a Night a great Italian-Duke,
Rauish'd his Creature *Lucio's* Wife: Sister
To *Foreste*, his aſtine Councillor.

Forest. *Lucio*, compos'd of such an humble loue:
That to secure his Masters feete, would spread,
And scatter all his Limmes, for him to walke vpon.

Lucio. And *Foreste*, whose industry, and care
Outwatch'd Leane-vigilance, 'till she grew mad.
But come, Let's leaue him to contriue our deaths.
My Heart so fills my mouth, I cannot speake.

Duke. *Lucio* stay, *Foreste* stay awhile.
Leaue me not thus anatomiz'd with breath. *He riseth*
Dissekt me really with your good Swords. *from the Bed.*
Behold my Brest, take out my Heart: and if
You finde your figures there, then vse my Fame
With Mercy.

Lucio. *Foreste* come away.

Forest. Make haſt *Luinna*.

Luin. I am wak'd out of a strange amaxement.

Exeunt Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.

Duke. Hide me swelling Hills! rough, and scabbed Rocks,
Ye Quarries cleaue, and sucke me in, then ioyne

Again.

The Cruell Brother.

Again. Would it not make a Patriarke mad?
O who shall bribe the Sunne, that in the day
Of generall accompts: he may auouch
He neuer saw me heeré. Hah! false Memory!
I forgot to tell 'em of *Castruchio*.
Tis best to o'take 'em. I cannot guesse
Which way they went;

Exit the other way.

Enter Castruchio, Lothario, Cosimo.

Cast. Hell, and the Pillary take such dull Eares.
It cannot be, but they haue pass'd the Cloysters,
And e're this, with helpe of priuate Keyes,
Entred the Dukes Bedchamber.

Loth. Those were Authors of that noyse, I spoke of.

Cast. The very same. A pox vpon demurres.

Cos. Will you lead the way, that we may hearken *enter*
If they be there, or no. *Duke.*

Duke. If I should come too late? —

Loth. That's none of the Counts voyce. Haue at ye sir.

Duke. O, O, O, I am surpriz'd in my owne snare.

Cast. It is *Foreste* sure. Let's make safe worke
Kill *Lothario*, lay him by him, and depart.

Cos. A match.

Loth. O Villaines, O, O, O.

Lothario dies.

Enter Foreste, Lucio, Luinna.

Forest. What noyse is that?

Cast. Another *Foreste*.

Lucio. My Royal Master bleeding on the Ground?
O murderous Villaines:

Luin. Murder, murder. Helpe! oh helpe! *Exit*

Lucio fights with Cosimo, Foreste with Castruchio.

Forest. The *Duke* my Soueraign. Name, and *Lucio*
Bleeding at his feete. Villaine take this thrust

The Cruell Brother.

At my owne preiudice.

Lucio. I am foyld by a base hand.

Cass. Flee *Cosimo*, flee. *Exeunt Cass and Cos.*

Foref. Some comfort yet remaines: in that I am,
Proscrib'd to share in thy fate, though it be bad.
I loose much blood. O triuiall fortitude,
False Sinnewes, doe you begin to shrink? *He falls downe.*

Duke. *Lucio*, Let my Soule, cary your pardon
With her vnto Heauen; and yours *Foref.*
This stratageme was mine, but the successe,
Was much against my will.

Lucio. Sir, I forgiue you all.

Foref. Nay let vs ioyne Hands. — We doe forgiue
Each other, and the World. The like mercy
May Heauen bestow on vs.

Duke. Amen, Amen.

Lucio. Amen, Amen.

they die.

Foref. There his heartstrings broke. *Lucio* (my Patron)
Already Chapfaine to: that sight deserues a Teare:
Though I should stabb my Eies to warrant it.

*Enter Dorido, Luinna, Courtiers with Light:
Castruchio: and Cosimo: led in.*

Dor. Bring the slaues in, their deeds will soone conuince
Their faint deniall, wh re did you leaue'em Lady?

Luin. Here, here, O my Lord, my Lord.

Foref. I haue not breath enough to comfort thee. *dies.*
With words, mercy Heauen.

Luin. O my Lord? my Husband He's dead, he's dead.

Dor. Hold the Lady there: O dire spectacle.
the Duke, Lucio, Foref, and Loshario
Lye here breathlesse. I did suspect some blacke
Conspiracy. Which made me hunt them two
Vnto the Pallace, but I did loose'em
By the Chappell staires; bloody dogs, what Deuill
Prompted thee to this action.

Cass.

The Cruell Brother.

Cast. I hope, I'ue not so much Blood left, as will preserve
Me for an answere.

Cof. I teele my end to neere.

(there

Dor. Take em away, and close their wounds, though
Be some mercy shewne, by thus deferring

That reward which your blacke foules shall receaue

In Hell. Yet know the Law will heere on Earth

Prouide such tortures as shall make your deaths

Exemplary to all succeeding times. — *exeunt some with*

Gentlemen, your silence may be excus'd. *Cast. and Cof.*

Where, theres so much cause of admiration.

Some helpe transfer the dead from hence, others

Call vp the Councillors of state.

So intricate is Heauens reuenge gainst lust.

The righteous suffer here, with the vniust.

Exeunt omnes.

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